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Events of the Week.

THE diversion of interest and energy to the East is still the keynote of the war. The enemy's plan is now further disclosed, and it is difficult not to think of it either as over-sanguine or a proof of shrinkage in his resources. The force concentrated in Transylvania is too small for sound military prudence, unless it be as large as can be spared. Two passes have been penetrated, but the heads of the columns have been caught and held as they debouched from the mountains. One, indeed, seems to have been summarily dealt with, and compelled to give ground. Regarded in this light, the enemy's task is still before him. The crisis is not past; it has not yet come. The fierce battles in Galicia and Volhynia still continue with unabated vigor, and the struggle has now been extended to the Carpathians. Snow is already falling; there is much fog. But the impression we draw from the hints that reach us suggests that Lechitsky is making a strong bid to relieve the pressure in the South. Russians are also reported on the Transylvanian front, and the French military mission has arrived. From the Pripet to Orsova is a tense and struggling battle-front, from which a new situation must shortly emerge. The Allies' attempt to rush Monastir seems to have been repulsed with loss. Italy has slowed down. The Somme front has given us a slight gain towards Bapaume, and the French more important successes north and south of the river. But the East is at present the barometer; and until we know more of the

pressure there we can say little of what the immediate future has in store for the Allies anywhere.

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VON FALKENHAYN has brought the last of his columns into position during the week. The Roumanians had been retiring methodically on the northern section of the Transylvanian front, covered by vigorous rearguard actions which had inflicted loss on his vanguard. At the end of the week the Roumanians seem to have reached their frontier posts, and a strong enemy offensive was directed against the Dorna Watra district, which covers the junction between Russia and Roumania. This seems to have reached its height on Monday, by which time the Roumanians had been fighting for four days in the Gyimes Pass, some distance to the south. The northern blow, taken largely by the Russians, achieved little or no success; but the Gyimes Pass was penetrated to Egas, some seven miles within the frontier. There the enemy was held until a counter-attack caused him to retire some distance, leaving 600 prisoners in the hands of our Ally. A somewhat similar fate was met by the column operating south of Brasso in the Torzburg Pass. After a fierce struggle this defile was yielded; but the enemy reached Rucar, only to be held there. That is the total advantage of the week, and it is both greater and less than it at first sight appears.

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THE German difficulties begin not necessarily on the mountain crests, or even at the entrance to, or in, the passes. The real difficulty begins when the columns attempt to debouch from the defiles upon the plain. Their danger is that one or other may be caught, isolated, and destroyed by a concentrated counter-attack. An army debouching from a pass may be likened to a narrow salient. If it were to be taken in column before it had time to deploy, disaster would certainly follow. Even deployed, it is open to envelopment when it reaches the communication centres, where the defending force has concentrated. The exact dimensions of the enemy success can therefore be gathered from the fact that he has penetrated two defiles, and though unable to advance has not yet been driven out of the country. His object is to bring up his other columns when his front can be joined up and an ordered advance begun.

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IN addition to the offensive in the Carpathians, the Russians have given help to Roumania in the shape of considerable reinforcements. It is probably in material alone that our Ally is now at a disadvantage. General Berthelot has arrived in the country with eight colonels, eight majors, and eight lower officers, and these soldiers, who have had the experience of fighting on the Somme front and have known the vicissitudes of the Western campaign, should prove an almost invaluable help to the Roumanians. The enemy advance in Transylvania, though it failed to envelop any considerable body of the Roumanian Army, owed far more to enlightened leading than to material or numerical superiority. The defence of a mountain barrier follows well-established lines. Only the mechanical details are changed by the present war.

Von Falkenhayn has done well; but the task is only beginning, and he has not yet been put to the test. We may trust our Ally to defend while defence is necessary, and to return the blow when the moment is ripe. The counter-attack on Tuesday, when nearly 1,000 prisoners were taken, is reassuring. The whole of the south-eastern situation hangs by a thread, the Nish-Sofia railway, and even now it is probable it could be cut. If it were, the political situation would be almost as much improved as the military.

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PICARDY has been the scene of a confused drama during the week. If we are to believe the German *communiqués*, we have recently been making stupendous efforts and meeting with continuous reverses. Clearly, over a front of thirty miles that is in constant agitation there must always be reverses and always advances. The question is purely one of perspective. A trench raid in which half the raiders are killed may be represented as a bloody reverse; but where it figures in a report next to the capture of the position of Sailly-Saillisel the disproportion is so great that a completely wrong impression is given. The crude facts of the week's operations seem to be these. We have at length conquered the fortified villages of Sailly-Saillisel which stood on either side of the Bapaume-Péronne road as sentinels of the approach to the Cambrai Plain. The British have advanced slightly towards the Butte de Warlencourt and directly south of Bapaume, and the French have pushed their line forward due west of Péronne. There have been violent German counter-attacks further south, but they achieved no more than a momentary success, and were followed by the capture of the hamlet of Générmont, south-west of Belloy-en-Santerre. The Germans have recovered no ground; they have lost more, and have yielded a number of prisoners. And at least two of the French gains are successes of some tactical importance.

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THE Government received a warning of seriousness on Wednesday, when 106 members (including 32 Liberals) voted for Mr. Redmond's motion declaring our system of Irish Government to be inconsistent with the principles for which the Allies were fighting in Europe, and mainly responsible for the state of feeling in Ireland. Deducting the official Liberals who voted, nearly as many Liberals abstained from the division as supported the Government—a significant sign of feeling. Mr. Redmond's indictment of the recruiting methods of the War Office—its obvious attempt to "dilute" Irish with British soldiers, its refusal of flags, badges, bands, anything connoting Irish nationality, its imbecile choice of agents—was endorsed by Mr. Lloyd George, who stamped this conduct as equally foolish and "malignant." Neither to these charges nor to the Irish leader's general appeal to the Government to drop martial law, release the 500 untried prisoners, treat those in penal servitude as politicals, and settle the question of Irish government, was any response made, save a faint echo of Mr. Asquith's earlier plea for an "agreed settlement"—to which Lord Lansdowne will not "agree." Mr. Duke promised nothing but coercion, and Mr. Samuel little or nothing for the political prisoners, tried or untried. Thus our Irish policy stands again in the barren land of negation. Without agreement there cannot even be a Home Rule Act. And agreement is as far off as ever.

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THERE was an important, though rather inconclusive, debate in the House of Commons on Tuesday on Food

Prices. Mr. Barnes, who opened the discussion, criticized the Government for doing too little and for acting with such delays and cautions that the profiteering interests were able to neutralize their efforts. Nothing had so angered the people as the enormous profits made out of their food, unless it were these shameless excuses put up for them by Government spokesmen. He thought the time had come when a Food Minister was needed; there was still a great deal of waste by the rich, and he knew of cases in which farmers were giving their milk to pigs. Captain Bathurst challenged the last statement, but he laid stress on certain grave facts. Milch cattle and heifers were being sold to the butchers instead of being retained to produce milk, and the acreage under wheat had been reduced by 260,000 acres since last year. The labor problem in agriculture was now acute owing to the demands of the Army. Who is to blame for this state of things? The suggestion clearly is that the War Office has again taken the bit between its teeth, and that our milk supply is in danger of serious depletion as the result of the "combing out" of milkmen.

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MR. LAMBERT supported Captain Bathurst, and hit off the situation with the remark that it was far easier to find a substitute for a Cabinet Minister than for an experienced carter. He thought that soldiers who were put on home defence could be better employed in agriculture. Mr. Anderson warned the Government to expect considerable wage movements in the winter. He believed that increasing wages was the wrong method, and that the right method was to control prices. Mr. Lough renewed his attack on the sugar purchases, and complained of the Government that they had done too much rather than too little. Mr. Runciman made a full and careful reply, and so far as his Department was concerned, he was able to answer most of the allegations of his critics. Take, for example, his handling of the question of freights. Meat had gone up by 4d. or 5d. a lb.; American bacon by 8d. or 9d.; Canadian cheese by 4d. to 5d. But extra freights were responsible in the first case for 3d.; in the second and third for 1/2d. Wheat was in the same case. To talk of freights as the cause of high prices was misleading. One of the causes was the increased consuming capacity of the working classes, not only as soldiers, but as munition workers.

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MR. RUNCIMAN showed that our control of shipping had been carried much further than was generally believed. Out of a total merchant fleet of 10,000 vessels only 1,100 ocean-going vessels are free to conduct their own operations. All the rest are in the service of the Army and Navy, the Foodstuffs Requisitioning Committee, Allied or Colonial Governments. The real difficulty was the shortage of shipping. We had lost more than the whole mercantile marine of France. Mr. Wardle said afterwards that if these facts had been made public earlier, the agitation on the subject of freights would have subsided. Mr. Runciman was strongly opposed to any rationing policy, to which he ascribed great difficulties and injustices. He was clearly sceptical of the policy of fixing prices, though he warned the milk dealers that the Government had its eye on them. The true method was to begin at the other end, and to provide plenty. This certainly should be the leading principle of Government action, but does it not demand more energetic conduct in regard to the use and development of our own soil? Such facts as those presented by Captain Bathurst are surely a

grave reflection on the Board of Agriculture. It looks as though the warnings of Departmental Committees and experts like Mr. Hall never reach the ear of the officials they concern. The Cambridgeshire Chamber of Agriculture has actually been obliged to protest against the employment of laborers as beaters to shooting parties.

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In the course of his speech, Mr. Runciman cited a number of reports received by the Board of Trade from munition areas, describing the increased consumption of meat among munition workers. In this connection, it is interesting to study Dr. Leonard Hill's memorandum on canteens, published this week by the Health of Munition Workers' Committee. Certain classes of workmen have always eaten more food, and in particular more meat than the average workmen, because of the nature of their work and its demand on their strength. The miners are a case in point. What is happening now is that large numbers of workpeople, normally under-fed, are engaged on work on which they cannot continue unless they are better fed. Dr. Leonard Hill has drawn up a dietary based on the physiological needs of munition workers, and at canteen prices (which are specially low) this dietary works out at something over 2s. a day. It is calculated that each of a man's three meals should represent an energy value of 1,000 calories.

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MR. FORSTER explained on Tuesday the modifications in the procedure of discharge from the Army which have been adopted to prevent some of the scandals to which attention has been drawn. In future a man's formal discharge is to be held back for three weeks in the hope that his pension will have been settled by the end of that time. If the pension is not fixed then, the pension-paying office will pay 14s. a week as a temporary allowance. This concession is presumably a makeshift arrangement until the whole scheme is revised. Mr. Asquith announced on Tuesday that the Cabinet Committee had reported, and that the decision of the Government would be communicated to the House in a few days' time. Meanwhile, the urgency of a prompt and effective reorganization is demonstrated every day. The Warden of the University Settlement of Manchester published an article in the "Daily News" of Tuesday, setting out some severe, but not, we fear, exceptional cases of hardship affecting soldiers and soldiers' widows.

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LORD HUGH CECIL has addressed a powerful letter to the "Times" on the subject of the treatment of Conscientious Objectors, in the course of which he predicts that men who may find it difficult to get redress at the moment will be able to proceed against the authorities after the war with far greater chances of success. Meanwhile, he calls on the Government to put down lynch law. An officer writing next day to the "Times" supplemented Lord Hugh Cecil's argument by pointing out that the bullying of these soldiers is a violation of the King's Regulations. The Government have before them a terrible example of what happens if the spirit of lawlessness breaks out among officers, and if this spirit is left unchecked the hideous Dublin murders may find a sequel elsewhere. But if the War Office will not uphold the King's Regulations, what respect are they likely to enjoy among the servants of the War Office? It is at least a relief to people of all modes of thought to learn that an inquiry is to be made into the outrages alleged to have occurred in Birkenhead Park. Let us hope it will be a serious and strict investigation.

THERE is a steady progression in the measures of coercion adopted by the Entente against Greece. Her larger warships (three old pre-Dreadnoughts) which were at first only disarmed have this week been seized. Small detachments of French marines have also been quartered in Athens to serve as a nominal army of occupation. The bringing of the police under Allied control continues. Meanwhile, the Athenian crowd has become more than ever royalist and anti-Ententist, an inevitable consequence of steps which have deeply wounded Greek pride. The correspondents make much of an incident at the parade in which the Greek sailors were disbanded, when two Venizelists were maltreated by the soldiers and the crowd. This incident, so far from suggesting to us the advisability of fresh coercion, conveys its warning as to the reaction which these measures must have on the prospects of M. Venizelos now and hereafter. If it seems to a section of the Greek people that in a domestic feud the Powers are interfering by drastic and humiliating measures to support one party against the other, there will inevitably be a rally against the party which will be accused of calling in the foreigner.

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NOTHING is divulged officially as to the reasons for the recent military and naval measures. The correspondents say that King Constantine was massing troops at Larissa and in Thessaly, and accuse him of a design of attacking the Allies in the rear. Is this conceivable? We do not rate Greek daring so high. What could a demobilized (and demoralized) Greek army, after losing one army corps, do with its 20,000 or 30,000 men against the half-million (in round numbers) which the Allies have in Macedonia? Larissa, in any case, is far beyond the zone of our operations. There is a risk, as in all uncertain situations, that military men may act under stress of nerves. Greece has played a mean part, and the King is, to our thinking, a brutal and evil influence in Greece. None the less, he has his backing, and we imagine that (outside the islands, which are safe) a great part of the Greek people, and especially most of the Reservists, are only anxious to avoid the risks of war. They are not so much pro-German as neutralist. Their motive is prudence or fear. It is their right to be guided by that. M. Venizelos has our esteem and our warm good wishes, but it is best for him to win his battle by Greek opinion, or, at the worst, by Greek arms.

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THE uncensored reports of the recent Social Democrat Conference in Berlin have now reached Switzerland. They show that the attitude of the "Minority" (which seems to be rapidly growing), bold as it seemed in its published declarations, is in fact even more unflinching. Thus Herr Bernstein said frankly, "This war is the war of German militarism, which provoked it by force," while Herr Kautsky sufficiently indicated his opinion on the origin of the war by stating that he was prevented from publishing it. He went on to declare his belief that Germany could have peace by re-establishing Belgium "not as a vassal State," by restoring Serbia, accepting international arbitration, and consenting to a reduction of armaments. It is clear that he looks to the democracies in Britain and France to enforce peace on their Governments on such a basis as this. He made no mention, however, of the East, which is really the chief difficulty. German opinion is now hinting at the freedom of the Straits, without annexation to Russia.

Politics and Affairs.

A BATTLE OF IDEAS.

By the unanimous will, or no-will, of her political leaders, Europe and the continents and nations depending on her must shortly enter on a third winter of war, with no abundant belief in her power to avoid a fourth. To all the ills and miseries of her soldiers must be added the effects of inclemency and exposure, cold and the diseases of cold, fatigue and the diseases of fatigue, a little less dying, maybe, with more physical suffering and mental strain. This being what the civilians require of the fighters, it is pertinent to ask what the fighters require of the civilians. The material sustenance of the war? We may think it strange, but, so far as this country is concerned, this is not the substance of the noble "Reflections of a Soldier," which we publish elsewhere. His appeal is not that the civilians shall feel *for* the soldiers, but that they shall endeavor to feel *with* them. Hitherto, the katharsis of war has, on the whole, yielded for its spectators a moral effect dissimilar from that which it has produced in the actors. The volunteer who joined the colors in the early months of the war has not changed his intellectual and moral view of it. He still regards himself as a soldier of liberty. He has not therefore brought into his fighting the element which fortifies, or seems to fortify, the average civilian's support of it, and transferred to the German people or the German soldier the reprobation he felt for the evil will and deeds of the German Government. He has not changed; but he finds the world at home has. The causes and ideals of the original struggle dwindle in its imagination, but the stores of personal animosity which it has developed accumulate. These have grown under the inaction of the spectator's lot and the mental fever and stress that accompany inaction. Thus an abyss begins to open between armies that fight but have the rational view of ending the physical encounter with a decisive and even a fraternal peace, and a mass of civilians who conceive of peace as a kind of war. Thus rational thought lives in the trenches, and tends to die in the home and the factory.

Now it seems to us that this moral alienation will begin to cease only when the civilian world remembers that it has its duties as well as the fighting world, and that the two functions are complementary to each other. No war was settled by soldiers alone, or ever can be. No peace, "conclusive" or "inconclusive," ever rested on the unaided effect of arms. On the contrary, a militarily "conclusive" war might well produce, in the extreme exasperation of the beaten party, a political condition incompatible with a substantial settlement. It is on the character of a peace, its justice, stability, power of adaptation to the needs of the nationalities and populations it affects that its permanence depends. Statesmanship therefore is the auxiliary of soldiering; never should it cease to work; from the moment that war breaks out its place is on the watch-tower, its eyes strained to catch the first gleams of an approaching peace. The national hatreds that war enkindles, the horrors and atrocities it excites, the evil conduct of the enemy, are the accidentals, not the true material, of political vision. War divides; statesmanship unites. War is the last word of Nationalism or Imperialism; the concern of statesmanship is with humanity, its rescue from the waste and enforced idleness of physical strife, its re-conversion to the normal busy-ness and economies

of peace. We know all this; and yet the kind of statesmanship we chiefly encourage is that which degrades even war by associating it with the blindness of animal passion. Let us learn from the fighting soldier that this at least is not his view of war.

Now the function of statesmanship becomes the more urgent when we consider what has happened to the world in which we live, and what an immense effort of relief must sooner or later be applied to it. Substantially, the old world-problems have re-emerged—the problems of Frederick and Napoleon and Alexander. Two lead all the rest. There is the future of the vast and fertile areas of Europe and Asia over which the Ottoman Turk has almost ceased to rule. There is the problem of the congeries of States and nationalities we call the Austrian Empire, linked again with the old riddle of Italy and the new riddle of the Balkan States. Neither can be settled without peace in Western Europe. And unless we contemplate the virtual disappearance of the German Empire, that peace again depends on some eventual measure of understanding, agreement—what you will—between Britain and Germany. By a long journey or by a short, we come to that goal at last. If the Great Land-Power and the Great Sea-Power are to be at each other's throats after the present encounter has reached some kind of material issue, the European world may suffer a number of truces, but it can never enjoy a peace. It is for that reason that the end of statesmanship must be to secure a measure of amity, rather than of formal pacification. How can this come? In our view it can only come by two roads. The first must be Germany's renunciation of her fatal error of July, 1914. Her chance to atone for her refusal to come into Conference lies in her consent to the creation of an organ of international politics and war-prevention, resting on the American proposal of a League to Enforce Peace. If there is real force in the admission of the high German official whom Miss Hobhouse quotes elsewhere, that Germany does not contemplate a victor's terms, her statesmen must think out for themselves what the only alternative to such terms can be. We are free enough to move; indeed we see no reason why our public men should not at once organize a companion association to the American body. The originating idea was almost as much British as American, and its germ, at least, was contained in Lord Grey's offer of a quadruple intervention in the Serbo-Austrian quarrel. But the real contributor to this form of settlement must be Germany, for it must carry with it a large scheme of disarmament. There, in effect, we get the blow at militarism, in which she will have to suffer her full share, which is the real objective of the statesmen and the capital interest of the peoples. Our contribution would be rather economic than political. We are in the fortunate position of being able to give something to the world which will bless the hand that gives not less than the hands that take. We can offer the Open Door, that is to say, the extension of the British policy of Free Trade to the dependencies of all the Great Powers, and can use our good offices with our Allies to secure this end, coupled with an international settlement of equatorial Africa. There indeed lie the broad general foundations of an enduring world-peace.

Are there any other? Industrially, neither country can stand a resumption of the race of armaments, and, incidentally, France and Italy must sink under it. But there is the further question of the traffic of the high seas. Some peaceful regulation of over-sea traffic, sea-traffic, and under-sea traffic is essential if Germany is to resume her mercantile marine, and we

can regard the Channel as constituting the real defence of our island power. The same may be said of economic resources and their uses. Before the war we possessed sea-power, qualified (and also enhanced) by Free Trade. We had a master-key to exclusiveness, but we never locked the door. Here we have a new weapon against our enemy if we choose to use it. If, after an examination and replenishment of the great wealth in raw materials which lies within the British Empire, this country elects for a Protectionist use of them or an artificial limitation to our dependencies and Allies, a new industrial balance is undoubtedly created, which for the moment may seem favorable to ourselves. But not in the long run. The new confrontation will be obvious. It may be the Entente (or parts of it) on the one hand. But it might conceivably be Germany and America on the other, or such a combination of German and South American trade as might gravely prejudice our foreign traffic. No statesman can neglect the warnings of this event which have come from the other side of the Atlantic. Or if he chooses to disregard them, he must be prepared to purchase temporary power for our Empire at the price of a change in the entire complexion of its policy. There would then be not one Germany, but two. Or we might see the miracle of a liberalized Germany arising as the child of war, and a reactionary Britain springing from the same parentage.

All this is a question of ideas. There is the battle. The soul of Britain is as much engaged as its body, and is as bitterly contested between the rival claimants. Can the country maintain the vision with which the best of its young men went out to fight the war, and can her leaders frame their settlement in its reflected light? We have, indeed, no exclusive power of settlement; but it would be mere scepticism to deny that, so long as sea-power remains to us, we have a largely determining voice. Is it to be used to enlarge the world's freedom, economic and political, or to curtail it? That is the main question, and substantially there is no other. Free Trade was our electoral issue in 1906. It is the world-issue in 1916.

THE GERMAN RALLY.

"The intention was entirely to destroy the strategic freedom of action of the Central Powers by means of the great Entente offensive in West and East and on the Isonzo and in Macedonia, and now the fathers of the idea discover that the Central Powers are able to undertake and carry through against the new enemy, Roumania, an attack in which one smashing blow follows another."—"Cologne Gazette," quoted by "The Times."

THE thesis of the "Cologne Gazette," which we place at the head of this article, is one that requires examination. A certain disillusionment is beginning to make itself felt among the Allies. When the Russians struck the first blow of the concerted offensive, and tore a gap in the enemy lines in the east, sweeping away the intricate entrenched system and the forces that maintained it, a brilliant field opened to the imagination. When, the Russian offensive being at full tide, the Franco-British assault was launched, and after this the Italian advance on the Isonzo, and the Salonika force stirred to life and fired Roumania, the final defeat of Germany seemed to draw nearer by leaps and bounds. By an easy mental leap people saw the end, and, ignoring the toilsome journey that remained, imagined themselves imposing terms, magnanimous but not too magnanimous, upon a beaten foe. Optimism was a good staff when the enemy was admittedly in the ascendant. For the present, let us look at the facts.

This is the twenty-seventh month of the war, and

the fourth of the Allied offensive (the fifth if we include the first month of the Russian offensive). It is almost two months since the Allies received a reinforcement which is, from first to last, about one million strong. Four months ago the enemy had sealed a second great failure. Venetia had proved itself as inhospitable as Verdun. But two months ago Hindenburg was reported as saying that to restore the line south of the Pripet was a "desperate" plan, and the Western offensive was leaping forward rhythmically against counter-attacks which were growing fewer and weaker. Yet to-day the situation is modified. The Eastern line has not only been restored; it has been restored to such purpose that all the skilful and heroic battering of our Russian Ally has hardly served to shake it. The counter-attacks in the West have become more frequent again, and more violent. Italy has been brought to a pause. The Salonika force is going ahead with only sufficient impetus to prevent reinforcements being sent to the Dobrudja, but without the power gravely to weaken the enemy there. Lastly, there has now matured a definite enemy plan, entrusted to two of the most eminent German Generals, to invade and conquer our latest Ally. Progress has been made at two different points into his territory. "The intention was to destroy the strategic freedom of the Central Powers." Have we destroyed it?

It is in many ways an amazing thing that the enemy should have the will and the force to undertake so ambitious a plan as the invasion of Roumania. It matters very little that he was bound to deal with the threat from Transylvania, bound by interest as well as by word to clear his Ally's territory. The significant point is that, while we are exercising our maximum pressure upon all fronts, he is able to initiate and develop a new offensive. Before Roumania entered the war the enemy seemed powerless to begin a new offensive. Now that our new Ally has brought to our side a large reinforcement, we find the enemy actually engaged in the impossible. It is time we realized that Roumania brought to the Central Powers not only certain clear disadvantages, but what was not so clear, an opportunity. The appearance in arms of Roumania has suggested to Germany the possibility of wiping out a considerable part of the effect of our blockade, as far as regards corn and oil. It represents even a greater chance than this. A successful invasion and conquest of Roumania would open up a new road to the heart of Russia. It would so much shorten the line the enemy is bound at present to defend that it would more than pay for its losses, and it would threaten to restore to the front that viscosity that is called "deadlock." The meaning of such a condition is plain. The mood of the past few months had tended to ignore the fact that at present the enemy has far more territory in his hand than he has ever claimed, or thought to claim. He holds the corridor to the east, that joins Berlin to Baghdad. He holds Courland, Poland, parts of Russia proper, Belgium (all but a tiny strip), an important part of industrial France. On the other hand, we hold practically the whole of his colonies; we hold his commerce; we hold his food supply. And the necessity of maintaining our gains is less costly than that of maintaining his. But if he could reduce the whole of the lines against him to the viscid state in which the force taken to move them was so disproportionate to the rate of advance as it is in the southern part of the Eastern front, and, at the moment, in France, he would be in the position to force a peace by barter, and this, whatever the terms, would have a greatly different influence on the future development of Europe than a freely negotiated peace.

Is this a sound military view of the present

state of the war? We do not think it is. We are not in the least justified in under-estimating Germany's difficulties in overcoming the Roumanian resistance. Thus far it has required a fortnight's fighting in the south to make any headway in two of the six passes. The frontier has been penetrated in the north; but everywhere the enemy is held. Furthermore, we have now an estimate of the force operating in Transylvania. A correspondent writing from Roumania, where the enemy's armies are not likely to be under-estimated, puts the army on the Transylvanian front at about 200,000 troops. Mackensen's force in the Dobrudja is thought to be half as strong. The total enemy forces acting against Roumania on this showing would be considerably less than the German loss on the Somme in three months. Indeed, it is little more than two months' loss. Again, it is a far smaller force than any prudent general would set apart for the invasion of a country like Roumania. With good leading, our new Ally should have little fear of such an army, and we are glad to hear that the King is to have the benefit of the advice of General Berthelot, who figured recently on the Somme. So far, the enemy advance has been a triumph of good generalship over troops not yet broken to the reality of war, led by generals who were not always skilful. The escape from the Hermanstadt envelopment was well contrived; but the trap should have been prevented.

On the West, too, there is no need to accept the German thesis. Even a beaten enemy may have a final blow, and Germany is far from beaten yet. The recent counter-attacks may be no more than a plan to test the tension on the front before embarking finally on the Roumanian adventure, for clearly it would be more difficult to withdraw hastily through the passes than to disengage before entering the plain. The sudden spurt on the West may be designed to hold on during the short period that the sanguine minds of the German Staff assign to the Roumanian campaign. It is hardly possible it can mean more; otherwise von Falkenhayn would have had a much larger force at his command. But the real problem arises in the West. The German thesis is that if their lines are not invincible, they are at least so difficult to move that we shall soon tire of the attempt. The invasion of Roumania is a sort of demonstration of the thesis. We believe that the state of the case is misrepresented when expressed in these terms; but the onus of proof is on us, and thus far the work is still to do.

FOOD AND FOOD PRICES.

LAST Tuesday's debate upon food prices did little to inform the public mind. The most material facts bearing upon an explanation of the rise of prices remain in doubt. To what extent, for example, is there an admitted shortage of supplies? In certain commodities, such as sugar, fish, and eggs, a deficiency of supply is indisputable. But with regard to wheat and meat, the evidence seems contradictory. Even Mr. Runciman, in his instructive speech, shows a divided mind. After including among the causes for the rise of prices, "the restriction of production, the narrowing of markets, the difficulties of carriage," all of which go to support the view of a real shortage of supply, he proceeds to argue that "the consuming capacity of the people had increased." In support of this latter position, he adduced much striking evidence to the effect that large sections of the working population were buying more and better food than formerly. Now the general testimony in favor of this judgment is overwhelming. But, if it is true, the notion that there is a shortage of supplies, due to restriction of production, &c., must

evidently be dismissed. If, as a nation, we are consuming as much or even more food than before, that food must be produced and supplied. We alluded last week to the statistics showing that we imported a little more wheat last year than in the twelvemonth preceding the war. It is true that, as Mr. George Lambert pointed out in the debate, some actual shrinkage in home production is taking place, by a withdrawal of 10 per cent. of our wheat-growing land from that use, and by some reduction in the average yield per acre due to deterioration of the land. But against this reduction in our home supply must be set the unknown quantity of imports which, being bought abroad and brought over by the Government for the use of our troops, do not figure in the statistics of imported food. If half our troops are supplied in this way, this means that some two and a half-million men must be deducted from the population which our ordinary imported and home-grown supplies have to provide for. Thus, it appears quite intelligible that there may be no real shortage of supplies of bread and meat for our population, in spite of the strain upon transport and the apparent reduction in the number of retail butchers' shops. This, of course, does not mean that, if larger supplies were available at lower prices than the present, they would not be sold and consumed. Still less does it dispose of the real anxiety felt in many quarters at the evident decline in the efficiency and output of British agriculture by the withdrawal of so large a proportion of the labor from the land. The notion that any considerable number of ploughmen and carters could be withdrawn for military service, and their places taken by unskilled men or women, is foolish and dangerous. Yet it is evident that the recruiting authorities have been allowed to do this very thing. Even now our farmers are again warned that more harrying of their labor will take place after Christmas, and that they must look about for substitutes. Yet the same people who acquiesce in and approve this policy profess themselves eagerly alive to the importance of increasing wheat and meat production in these islands. This is the sort of thinking the war-mind evokes.

Just as little agreement is there as to what becomes of the high prices when they are paid. The shipping companies, the farmers, the millers, the bakers, and butchers, and various middlemen, are all accused of seizing an opportunity to plunder the public. And there is no doubt that some of them are doing very well out of war prices. Probably, the shipowners are making most. But even their high freights do not account for any large proportion of the rise of prices. As Mr. Runciman points out, less than a halfpenny out of the 4d. or 5d. rise in price of meat goes in higher cost of carriage, and about the same proportion holds of meat or cheese or other imported goods. Those who assume that the squeeze or extortion of some gangs of exploiters in the processes of trade and transport explains the rise of prices, have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. The enormous Government expenditure acts as an ever-expanding demand, which, operating against a supply of goods which does not expand so readily, causes a continuous rise of prices. This rise of prices spreads from the markets in which the Government is a buyer to all other markets. For the increased supply of money which the Government by its buying pumps into our business system operates everywhere to set more purchasing power in action. The higher prices thus generated must express themselves in higher profits or higher wages, or in higher prices for the tools and materials used in the various processes of production. Thus the higher prices for bread, meat, &c., get distributed, not at one or two, but

at a hundred different points in higher prices paid to capital and labor. Where there happens to be some artificial or contrived scarcity, as in shipping, a bigger slice out of the enhanced prices has been taken in high profits, but even then it would be right to regard the high profit as a result rather than a cause of the high prices. Wholesale and retail trades are always liable to combinations to raise prices. But apparently the Committee on Food Prices and Mr. Runciman do not find any conclusive evidence that trade or local combination is in any special way responsible for the higher prices. Speaking generally, it would be found, we think, that the high prices paid for foods and other commodities by consumers are distributed in a great variety of higher profits and higher money wages in the processes of production, transport, and distribution. The yield of the income and excess profits taxes is fair testimony to the generally profitable character of trade. The increases in wage rates which have taken place during the past nine months for the trades reporting to the Board of Trade (comprising nearly three million workers) amount to £410,000 per week. This does not include payment for overtime, or otherwise adequately represent the full amount of increased earnings. In "the textile and other" trades the rise of actual earnings per head during the past twelve months amounts to nearly 10 per cent. When the fact is taken into account that more members of a family are in full employment than ever before, it is understood how a higher standard of consumption than usual may be compatible with the high prices.

Mr. Runciman rightly dwelt upon the dangers and difficulties of attempts to regulate production and prices by legal action. To insist upon farmers producing and selling milk at a price which makes it more profitable to turn the milk into cheese, or even to sell the cows for meat, would involve the creation of an army of inspectors, with rules and regulations that it would be practically impossible to enforce. Something can be done, and is being done, to stop excessive slaughtering of live stock. But for the Government suddenly to undertake the detailed ordering and supervision of the whole of our agriculture, and to fix the purposes to which land should be put, the uses made of each product, and the prices at which they should be sold to middlemen, retailers, and the public, would involve us in an experiment which even the organization of Germany has not prevented from proving a disastrous failure. Moreover, if what Mr. Runciman tells us about the lavish consumption that is going on be true, it is not desirable to adopt such measures of checking a rise of prices which, after all, must act in some measure as a stimulus to economy. Prices are still rising. The "Labor Gazette," just published, shows a rise of 2 per cent. last month. They will go on rising just as long as the inflation of the currency goes on, too.

THE SPIRIT OF MILITARISM.

MANY readers of Mr. Redmond's speech in the Irish debate must have made woeful reflection on the readiness of statesmen to expect soldiers to do their business for them. We have lately had two chances in Ireland. The first was when, at the outbreak of the war, Mr. Redmond took his stand at the side of Great Britain and called for an Irish Nationalist rally to the colors. It is enough to describe our response in the merciless sentences in which Mr. Lloyd George epitomized the War Office's management of Irish recruiting. Irish Nationalism was good enough as a stick to beat the German with, provided only it were so broken and dis-

persed in the ranks of the British Army that its inspiring effect was lost, and the pith of Mr. Redmond's unexampled appeal destroyed. Whatever may be said of the new Lloyd George as a democrat, he remains a Nationalist. He sees that the War Office of 1914 and 1915 landed us in a political and military disaster. With a little imagination we might have avoided three evils—Sinn Fein, the loss of Home Rule, and the depletion of the Irish regiments, or rather let us say of the Irish armies. Now the danger is that we shall miss our second opportunity in Ireland as completely as we lost the first. Ireland is to remain under martial law. The soldier whose severity produced the reaction in favor of Sinn Fein is still a chief political agent of a Home Rule Prime Minister and a Home Rule War Secretary. At all points of the Irish situation, civil statesmanship and civil society fail to assert themselves against the military spirit, even when its excesses are acknowledged. Take the Skeffington case. The report of Sir John Simon's Commission of Inquiry into the shooting of Mr. Skeffington confirms the worst that had been suspected about that ghastly business. It shows that from first to last the version of the facts which came from the friends of the dead man—and all who knew his bravery and sincerity were, in spite of sharp differences of opinions, his friends—was truthful and even moderate. No redeeming feature, no element of excuse, has anywhere emerged. The killing of Mr. Skeffington was brutal murder, and in spite of the excitement of those days, there are circumstances which suggest that it was a cold-blooded crime. Mrs. Skeffington had witnessed a wanton outrage by the same Captain Colthurst, and after the deed the murderer showed cunning in his efforts to invent a *post factum* justification for the murder. The theory of insanity has been adopted by the military authorities, and it is the easiest way of evading the only adequate punishment. Certainly there was religious fanaticism beneath the political hatred which explains the crime, but was it madder than the common attitude, fed on the bloodier passages of the Old Testament, of the whole Orange tradition?

The report points out, fairly enough, that much allowance must be made for the excitement of these days, and for the disorganization in this particular barracks. The Captain's junior officers were only boys, but if it was natural that they gave way readily to an older and more experienced officer, it is still surprising that lads who were but yesterday civilians should have bowed so easily to the military tradition of obedience. Schoolboys would have shown more spirit in restraining a master turned homicide. It is happily clear that the whole of the active responsibility for this particular crime falls on Captain Colthurst. The folly which placed him in command was no more than carelessness. The verdict of the court-martial which found him (wrongly or rightly) insane, disposes of the question of punishment. It is a disconcerting fact, however, that one difficulty or another has stood in the way of punishment for all of these Dublin excesses. There was the painful case of the summary shooting of an innocent young officer by nervous non-commissioned officers who chose to suspect him of treachery. There was the far graver case of the killing of some thirteen civilians, apparently in cold blood, without authority and for no ascertainable reason, in King Street. For all these excesses (and for others which have passed unnoticed) there has been no punishment; the only man who was punished was the officer who denounced these crimes. Sir John Simon's report deals severely with the impression which appears to prevail in the Army, that martial law is a licence to the soldier to do whatever seems good in his own eyes. Evidently that impression

did prevail, and its prevalence suggests a grave omission on the part of the responsible command. Whatever it did or did not do, its first duty when it promulgated martial law was to convey to the officers who administered it some notion of its meaning. But is the impression which the Report dismisses as a delusion of ignorance, in fact so entirely foolish? If no punishment follows for such excesses as these, the delusion rests on a solid basis of fact. The Skeffington case was investigated, because in this instance the victim was a man of parts, universally known and universally liked in Dublin. For the obscure victims of the King Street affair there has been no investigation, and for these murders there has been no punishment. The facts must be perfectly well known in the particular battalion which was billeted in these King Street houses, and the failure to bring anyone to justice suggests the solidarity of a military organization in the face of any accusation which affects the rights of the civilian. If such a spirit can spring up in the new Army, officered by men who stepped out of civilian life yesterday and will return to it to-morrow, it is clear that militarism is a disease from which our race is no more immune than any other.

The Dublin affair is over, and we can understand, though we do not share, the disposition to pass a sponge over its excesses. These were at least the errors of soldiers who were themselves in real danger, and, notoriously, crimes are at their worst when in ignorance and uncertainty, amid a partially hostile population, they have to deal in a town with rebels. A straightforward and manly letter from Lord Hugh Cecil to the "Times" draws attention to another phase of the same peril, for which there can be no such excuse. The physical brutalities inflicted, often with the knowledge and by the orders of officers, on Conscientious Objectors spring from the same spirit. It is not simply a question of "martial law." The more thoughtless type of soldier—sometimes the officer but more often the non-commissioned officer—is penetrated with the idea that to those under his orders he may do exactly as he pleases. That was the theory and practice of the old-fashioned bullying sergeant, and his abuses of authority are made easy by the parallel delusion of the average bewildered recruit that in putting on a uniform he has lost his human rights. We have heard a simple villager, home on leave, complaining that in his battalion the men's pay was sometimes cut down, for no known reason, to one shilling or to two, or indeed to any figure that suited the quartermaster. Why did he not complain? Men who complained, he answered, were merely given so many days "C.B." There may have been in this case some reason, good or bad, unknown to the recruit. What interested us was his hopeless sense that it was useless and dangerous to inquire or complain. In this arbitrary military world it is not difficult to understand the persecutions which have been devised for an unpopular class of men, whose attitude the average regimental officer cannot grasp. What is baffling is the failure of the higher command to impose obedience to its own instruction prohibiting "unauthorized punishments." There have been many gross cases, but none quite so serious as the public torments inflicted in the full view of numerous civilian spectators on a well-known trade unionist in Birkenhead Park. The story is familiar, and everyone has visualized the scene—the tossing of the passive body of the man over hurdles and ditches, the deliberate degradation, the plain intention to break his spirit by the continued infliction of pain. We can imagine nothing more likely to demoralize the regiment which witnessed it. We are glad to hear that there is to be a further sequel to this affair, in addition to the

protests of the local trade unionist organization, which differed from the victim's opinions, but respected his character. An inquiry is to be held, which, we hope, will be thorough. The serious point is that the thing seems to have been done with the full knowledge of responsible officers. So long as an officer can do these things and prosper in the service, the spirit of Zabern will live and grow. It will depress the Army which is fighting our battles more than the average officer realizes. For that reason, it is imperative that it should be firmly dealt with.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF A SOLDIER.

IT is very nice to be at home again. Yet am I at home? One sometimes doubts it. There are occasions when I feel like a visitor among strangers whose intentions are kindly, but whose modes of thought I neither altogether understand nor altogether approve. I find myself storing impressions, attempting hasty and unsatisfactory summaries to appease the insatiable curiosity of the people with whom I really am at home, the England that's not an island or an empire, but a wet populous dyke stretching from Flanders to the Somme. And then, just when my pencil is on the paper, I realize how hopeless it is. I used to sit at the feet of a philosopher, who thought he had established a common intellectual medium between himself and an Indian friend, till the latter elucidated his position by a hypothesis. "Let us suppose," he said, "that God has chosen to assume the form of an elephant." With the concrete aloofness of that Oriental imagery, my teacher strove in vain: the depth of the dividing chasm was revealed by the bridge.

And somewhat the same difficulty troubles me. As we exchange views, one of you assumes as possible or probable something that seems to us preposterous, or dismisses as too trivial for comment what appears to us a fact of primary importance. You speak lightly, you assume that we shall speak lightly, of things, emotions, states of mind, human relationships and affairs which are to us solemn or terrible. You seem ashamed, as if they were a kind of weakness, of the ideas which sent us to France, and for which thousands of sons and lovers have died. You calculate the profits to be derived from "War after the War," as though the unspeakable agonies of the Somme were an item in a commercial proposition. You make us feel that the country to which we've returned is not the country for which we went out to fight! And your reticence as to the obvious physical facts of war! And your ignorance as to the sentiments of your relations about it!

Yet I don't think I'm mad, for I find that other soldiers have somewhat the same experience as myself. Not that I profess to speak for the Army! I leave that to the officers who periodically return to Parliament and tell it that the men at the front demand this, or object to that. I say "we," because I find it difficult to separate opinions that I've formed myself from those formed for me by the men with whom I lived, the chance conversation snatched during a slack time in the trenches, or the comments of our mess when the newspapers arrived with George's latest rhapsody about "cheerful Tommies with the glint of battle in their eyes," or the "Times" military expert's hundredth variation on the theme that the art of war consists in killing more of the enemy than he kills of you, so that, whatever its losses—agreeable doctrine—the numerically preponderant side can always win, as it were, by one wicket. We used to blaspheme and laugh and say, "Oh, it's only the papers. People at home can't really be like that." But after some months in England I've come to the conclusion that

your papers don't caricature you so mercilessly as we supposed. No, the fact is we've drifted apart. We have slaved for Rachel, but it looks as if we'd got to live with Leah.

We have drifted apart partly because we have changed and you have not; partly, and that in the most important matters, because we have not changed and you have. Such a cleavage between the civilians who remain civilians and the civilians who become soldiers is, of course, no novelty. It occurred both in the American and in the English Civil Wars. It occurred most conspicuously in the French Armies of 1793 to 1809 or 1810, in which the Revolution survived as a spell that would charm men to death long after it had become an abomination or a curiosity in Paris. And always it seems to have brought something of the shock of an unexpected discovery to those who, not having borne the same life of corporate effort and endurance, forgot that the unquestioning obedience to which soldiers are trained is not obedience to popular opinions, and that the very absence of opportunities for discussion and self-expression tends, like solitude, to lend weight both to new impressions and to already formed mental habits. The contrast between the life which men have left and the unfamiliar duties imposed upon them creates a ferment, none the less powerful because often half-unconscious, in all but the least reflective minds. In particular, when, as has happened in the present war, men have taken up arms not as a profession or because forced to do so by law, but under the influence of some emotion or principle, they tend to be ruled by the idea which compelled them to enlist long after it has yielded, among civilians, to some more fashionable novelty. Less exposed than the civilian to new intellectual influences, the soldier is apt to retain firmly, or even to deepen, the impressions which made him, often reluctantly, a soldier in the first instance. He is like a piece of stone which, in spite of constant friction, preserves the form originally struck out in the fires of a volcanic upheaval. How often, fatigued beyond endurance or horrified by one's actions, does one not recur to those ideas for support and consolation! "It is worth it, because—" "It is awful, but I need not loathe myself, because—" We see things which you can only imagine. We are strengthened by reflections which you have abandoned. Our minds differ from yours, both because they are more exposed to change, and because they are less changeable. While you seem—forgive me if I am rude—to have been surrendering your creeds with the nervous facility of a Tudor official, our foreground may be different, but our background is the same. It is that of August to November, 1914. We are your ghosts.

The contrast reveals itself not less in small things than in great. It appears as much in the manner in which you visualize the events of war and interpret to yourselves the duties and moods of your soldiers as in your conception of the principles for which we are fighting, and of the kind of harmony, national and supernatural, in which the world may recover stability. But I am wrong in speaking of "small things and great." Clearness of vision and sensitiveness of judgment are not qualities which can be improvised. The ability of men to command them when they need them most is proportionate to the sincerity with which they have habituated themselves to regard matters more accessible and familiar. Therefore I cannot dismiss as trivial the picture which you make to yourselves of war and the mood in which you contemplate that work of art. They are an index of the temper in which you will approach the problems of peace. The war is always beneath your eyes. You read and talk about it, I should say, more

constantly than about any other matter. You are anxious to have a truthful account, not of strategy or of other things which are rightly concealed, but of its daily routine and color, the duties and perplexities, dangers and exposure, toil and occasional repose which make up the life of a soldier at the front. You would wish to enter, as far as human beings can enter, into his internal life, to know how he regards the task imposed upon him, how he conceives his relation to the enemy and to yourselves, from what sources he derives encouragement and comfort. You would wish to know these things; we should wish you to know them. Yet between you and us there hangs a veil. It is mainly of your own unconscious creation. It is not a negative, but a positive thing. It is not intellectual, it is moral. It is not ignorance (or I should not mention it). It is falsehood. I read your papers and listen to your conversation, and I see clearly that you have chosen to make to yourselves an image of war, not as it is, but of a kind which, being picturesque, flatters your appetite for novelty, for excitement, for easy admiration, without troubling you with masterful emotions. You have chosen, I say, to make an image, because you do not like, or cannot bear, the truth; because you are afraid of what may happen to your souls if you expose them to the inconsistencies and contradictions, the doubts and bewilderment, which lie beneath the surface of things. You are not deceived as to the facts; for facts of this order are not worth official lying. You are deceived as to the Fact. As to that, you may apparently be trusted to lie, *motu proprio et mera voluntate*, to yourselves.

Perhaps this judgment is harsh. Yet when I read the pictures of war given every day in your Press I do not think it is. There are in some of them traits which I recognize as not untrue to life. But the general impression given is tragically false. I can forgive you for representing war as a spectacle instead of as a state of existence, for I suppose that to the correspondent who is shepherd into an observation post on a show day it does seem spectacular. But the representation of the human beings concerned is unpardonable. There has been invented a kind of conventional soldier, whose emotions and ideas are those which you find it most easy to assimilate with your coffee and marmalade. And this "Tommy" is a creature at once ridiculous and disgusting. He is represented as invariably "cheerful," as revelling in the "excitement" of war, as finding "sport" in killing other men, as "hunting Germans out of dug-outs as a terrier hunts rats," as overwhelming with kindness the captives of his bow and spear. The last detail is true to life, but the emphasis which you lay upon it is both unintelligent and insulting. Do you expect us to hurt them or starve them? Do you not see that we regard these men who have sat opposite us in mud as the victims of the same catastrophe as ourselves, as our comrades in misery much more truly than you are? Do you think that we are like some of you in accumulating on the head of every wretched antagonist the indignation felt for the wickedness of a government, of a social system, or (if you will) of a nation? For the rest we are depicted as merry assassins, rejoicing in the opportunity of a "scrap" in which we know that more than three-quarters of our friends will be maimed or killed, careless of our own lives, exulting in the duty of turning human beings into lumps of disfigured clay, light-hearted as children in a garden who shoot at sparrows with a new air-gun and clap their hands when they fall, charmed from the transient melancholy of childhood by a game of football or a packet of cigarettes.

Of the first material reality of war, from which everything else takes its color, the endless and loathsome physical exhaustion, you say little, for it would spoil the

piquancy, the *verve*, of the picture. Of your soldiers' internal life, the constant collision of contradictory moral standards, the liability of the soul to be crushed by mechanical monotony, the difficulty of keeping hold of sources of refreshment, the sensation of taking a profitless part in a game played by monkeys and organized by lunatics, you realize, I think, nothing.* Are you so superficial as to imagine that men do not feel emotions of which they rarely speak? Or do you suppose that, as a cultured civilian once explained to me, these feelings are confined to "gentlemen," and are not shared by "common soldiers"? And behind the picture of war given in your papers there sometimes seems to lurk something worse than, yet allied to, its untruthfulness, a horrible suggestion that war is somehow, after all, ennobling; that, if not the proper occupation of man, it is at least one in which he finds a fullness of self-expression impossible in peace; that when clothed in khaki and carrying rifles, these lads are more truly "men" than they were when working in offices or factories. Perhaps I do you an injustice. But that intimation does seem to me to peep through some of your respectable paragraphs. As I read them I reflect upon the friends who after suffering various degrees of torture died in the illusion that war was not the last word of Christian wisdom. And I have a sensation as of pointed ears and hairy paws and a hideous ape-face grinning into mine—sin upon sin, misery upon misery, to the end of the world.

Oh! gentle public—for you were gentle once and may be so again—put all these delusions from your mind. The reality is horrible, but it is not so horrible as the grimacing phantom which you have imagined. Your soldiers are neither so foolish, nor so brave, nor so wicked, as the mechanical dolls who grin and kill and grin in the columns of your newspapers. No doubt, here and there, are boys to whom the holiday from parents or schoolmasters or employers is an exhilaration, and whose first impressions—how soon worn out!—are printed by credulous editors as representing "the spirit of the Army." Delightful children! To men whose very souls are bleared with mud, they are as refreshing as spring sunshine after endless cold and rain. But in the letters of the rank and file who have spent a winter in the trenches, you will not find war described as "sport." It is a load that they carry with aching bones, hating it, and not unconscious of its monstrosity, hoping dimly that by shouldering it now they will save others from it in the future, looking back with even an exaggerated affection to the blessings of peace.

They carry their burden with little help from you. For an Army does not live by munitions alone, but also by fellowship in a moral idea or purpose. And that you cannot give us. You cannot give it us, because you do not possess it. You are, I see, more divided in soul than you were when I became a soldier, denouncing the apostles of war, yet not altogether disinclined to believe that war is an exalting thing, half implying that our cause is the cause of humanity in general and democracy in particular, yet not daring boldly to say so lest later you should be compelled to fulfil your vows, more complacent and self-sufficient in proportion as you are more confident of victory and have less need of other nations, trusting more in the great machine which you have created and less in the unseen forces which, if you will let them, will work on your side. And you are more prone than you were to give way to hatred. Hatred of

the enemy is not common, I think, among soldiers who have fought with them. It is incompatible with the proper discharge of our duty. For to kill in hatred is murder, and we are not murderers but executioners. I know, indeed, how much harder it is for you not to hate than it is for us. You cannot appease the anguish of your losses by feeling, as we feel, that any day your own turn may come. And it is right that there should be a solemn detestation of the sins of Germany, provided that we are not thereby caused to forget our own.

But it is not among those who have suffered most cruelly or where comprehension of the tragedy is most profound that I find the hatred which appals. For in suffering, as in knowledge, there is something that transcends personal emotion and unites the soul to the suffering and wisdom of God. I find it rather among those who, having no outlet in suffering or in action, seem to discover in hatred the sensation of activity which they have missed elsewhere. They are to be pitied, for they also are seeking a union with their kind, though by a path on which it cannot be found. Nevertheless, the contagion of their spirit is deadly. You do not help yourselves, or your country, or your soldiers, by hating, but only by loving and striving to be more lovable. "*Pone te ipsum in pace, et tum poteris alios pacificare.*"

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE anxious hours of the week were a little relieved when the better Roumanian news came through, and when it was understood that in the West the advance went on. But the whole situation remains enigmatic. Diplomatically there is an absolute pause—nothing from Germany, either to America or the Allies, nothing to Germany from the Allies, certainly nothing from the United States. The guns go on, the tale they tell hidden from all eyes, even those of the generals. For the moment, the Allies feel the effect of the dispersion of military and political counsels, Germany of their concentration. But one sees no reason to modify one's view of the weakening of the moral forces that lie behind the lines of the Central Alliance. A German Socialist leader said the other day that if an election had been held in July, the country would have returned an overwhelming majority in favor of peace without annexations. Is that sentiment changed? Does it depend on whether the tide of the war rolls a little this way or that? I do not think so. *Plectuntur Achivi*: the German people suffer under war, whether it yields obvious defeat or a success which merely postpones peace, to a degree which our own abundance does not allow us to realize. That is the *cruz* of the German situation. The force of the war-machine is still wonderful; it is the vital supplies of civil energy behind it which are beginning to fail.

I AM afraid the Irish debate has taken the bloom off poor Mr. Duke's Secretaryship. Hitherto, the Irish optimists (if there are any optimists left in Ireland) hoped something from his painstaking diligence and obvious anxiety to understand his work, while the pessimists (of whom there are plenty) augured a good deal of ill from his rather ponderous *naïveté* of mind. Wednesday's speech, temporarily

* When I wrote this I had not finished reading "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." Hugh's letters show that some people at home do realize it.

at least, settled that controversy. It was a speech for the 'eighties (*Consule Forster*), not for a time when a sort of Home Rule is at least on the Statute Book. In the hecatomb of Irish Secretaries one more victim is of no great account; but it would be a pity if Mr. Duke's mission as a pacificator, for that is how he conceives it, came so suddenly to an end.

THE trouble is that there is no root of Irish statesmanship in the Coalition. It was a war expedient, which practically left Ireland out of account. The moment its latent Unionism became active Mr. Asquith had to capitulate to it. Now this wing rules the policy of the Government. The Nationalist Party has gained nothing from the Conferences; Home Rule is still in abeyance, while two more Irish counties have been shorn away from the Home Rule domain. It is all very well for British statesmanship to wash its hands of Ireland and invite the two Irish parties to settle it among themselves. Where is the machinery of settlement? Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond are no longer in touch, and Belfast Unionism is quite detached, if indeed it was ever won, or half-won. The most promising bit of Irish landscape appears, I think, in the attempt of the Southern Unionists to work out a new conception of Irish Nationality. But Irish Nationalism must do its part as well. Can it not draw all that is most enlightened in young Ireland away from the dreams of Sinn Féin, and arrive at a reconciliation of Imperial and Irish patriotism?

THOSE who watch the American Presidential Election most closely and with the greatest knowledge are chariest in prophesying the result. It has disclosed something new in these contests. On one side, at least, it is a fight of pure tactics of the most reticent kind. The Republican hope of victory rests on the extent to which the party split can be healed, and the two sections brought together at the polls. Mr. Hughes has therefore to avoid saying anything which may hinder or qualify the result. In consequence his speeches are almost colorless. Lacking color, they also lack ideas and the ground of ample experience and wide experiment in home and foreign statesmanship that Mr. Wilson's Presidency has brought him. More and more the President seems to the merely foreign eye to emerge as the kind of *man* that the country wants, and Mr. Hughes's good but limited record to look a little dim and poor in comparison. In average times this instinctive comparison of personalities might not stop the Republican victory, for it suggests a return to normal American politics. But the times are anxious, and America is hardly more happy about them than we.

THE War Office has not enjoyed a brilliant success in its encounter with Mr. Bertrand Russell. One of the prohibited lectures has been delivered in Manchester. It has since been reported in the "*Manchester Guardian*," and published as a pamphlet. And it has been read by Mr. Smillie at Glasgow (a prohibited area) to an audience of 1,000. Mr. George's veto has thus given it perhaps ten times the publicity it would naturally have secured. Is the "manning of the Army interfered with very seriously" because Mr. Russell has thus proclaimed his desire for a somewhat different world from that in which we have the misfortune to live? And if the "manning" of the Army is hindered in one place, why not in another? Is it good and proper for Manchester to hear such tidings, and bad for Glasgow? Is

there a rational being outside the War Office who imagines that it is? What can be Mr. George's conception of a cause which can be hurt by a ray or two of dry intellectual light being thrown upon it? And is he quite the person to stamp out noble, disinterested, and independent speech at a time when, even supposing it to be a trifle fine-spun or wrong-headed, every European society cries out for such food, and looks to the men who will supply it?

THE rapid world of journalism will hardly mark Mr. Mudford's tragic death, so long had his figure passed out of its remembrance. Yet he was a man of note, power, and character. And how uncharacteristic of his age, and how unprophetic of the kind of editorship that succeeded his long conduct of the "*Standard*!" I never saw him, though I knew many members of the staff that both feared and admired him. I suppose that for years he never visited the office of the "*Standard*," summoning its conductors to his house as if by a command of Royalty, and occasionally giving them a somewhat severe audience when they got there. He was a masterly, indeed an autocratic editor, as solid as his paper, a good and not ungenerous rewarder of talent, a contemptuous critic of incompetence or merely humdrum ability. He was not sympathetic enough to make a really great paper, but his standard was pretty high, and he hated slovenliness, ignorance, or stupidity. His best helper was the charming and brilliant Jeyes, one of the most delightful figures in the Fleet Street that I have known. Jeyes was a Liberal-minded Tory, but several of his colleagues in the Mudford days were undeniable Radicals. Perhaps that was why the "*Standard*" never attained the popularity of the far inferior "*Telegraph*." It was too good for mere muddy-minded partisanship.

THE remarkable point about Mudford's editorship was that his seclusion was consistent with rigid supervision of all the departments of the paper—its leadership, its news service, its foreign correspondence, and its financial interests. With all these he was in daily and intimate touch, and was able and well-informed enough to control them. The defect of this method and of the shy, hermit life of which it was the symbol, was that the paper lacked the vivid touch that control on the spot can alone give to a daily journal at those crowded hours of the night when it is being shaped for birth. The "*Standard*" of Mudford was able, weighty, well-informed, judicious, but never vivid. For this reason in particular the times raced past it, and finally it died.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"ADIEU!" HE CRIED.

To wave the world adieu with lily hand does not always imply a final parting. Mr. Gladstone retired to prepare his soul for another sphere, but returning to this for a nobler preparation, devised his greatest and most hazardous reform. The farewell concerts of Sims Reeves, diffused throughout a generation, were, like lovers' rages, the renewal of our love. For months and months again, both hemispheres bewailed the last of Forbes Robertson's "*Hamlets*" and "*Third Floors*,"

So when Cunninghame Graham, with characteristic gesture, tosses his last book to the world and rides away, swearing by all the pampas we shall get no more of him, one need not quite despair. Out of the shadowy ombús, that exquisite figure may yet emerge in all its elegant savagery, and again bestow on us some vision of Correntino gauchos, dressed in loose black merino trousers, stuffed into long boots embroidered with red silk, wearing silver spurs with rowels large as saucers, brown vicuña pouches, soft black felt hats, red silk handkerchiefs for collars, and at their waist two-handed daggers, fit for the necks of kings.

But on his part, Cunninghame Graham is very insistent that this shall not be so. He says this is not his way. In the preface to "Brought Forward" (Duckworth) he tells us that all his life he has been like the true Scot, of whom it was said, "If he believes in Christianity he has no doubts, and if he is a disbeliever he has none either." We fear that no half-measures may be looked for from a Scot, any more than half-lights, so that when Cunninghame Graham waves adieu, he means adieu for evermore. And indeed we are sorry, both for him and for ourselves. For him, because it is sad for a man to reflect that he has done his work, and all is over but the living. In the solemn Book of "Urn Burial" we read, "It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him that he is at the end of his nature." But, perhaps, the weight of that dull stone is even increased when the man tells it to himself. So, then, he thinks, the end has come, and by all those various faculties how little has been achieved! This is the end; for the last time defiance is shouted to the world, the last book flung carelessly in the public's face, and now the man must say his "Vixi," whether he will or no.

For ourselves we are sorry, too, and in finishing the final page we feel we are shaking hands for ever with a personality distinct for many years. When an unknown writer went to India once and roused the fury of Anglo-Indians, as writers will, the editor of the leading Bombay paper wrote of him, "We have seen this person. Outwardly he has the appearance of a gentleman, but at heart he is no better than a Socialist." It is a peculiar coincidence that Bernard Shaw's mother paid Cunninghame Graham the same high compliment. In the Notes to "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Bernard Shaw, after observing that there are moments when he does not himself believe in Cunninghame Graham's existence, proceeds:—

"He is, I regret to add, an impenitent and unashamed dandy; such boots, such a hat, would have dazzled D'Orsay himself. With that hat he once saluted me in Regent Street when I was walking with my mother. Her interest was instantly kindled; and the following conversation ensued: 'Who is that?' 'Cunninghame Graham.' 'Nonsense! Cunninghame Graham is one of your Socialists; that man is a gentleman.'"

It is true, a farewell to literature does not in itself preclude all hope of feeling that personal interest kindled again. Were the Government and police ever again to allow us a public meeting, it is possible that, on the northern platform of the dear old "plinth" in Trafalgar Square, we might again behold that hat, those boots. Again we might listen among the crowd of vulgar, upturned faces while the dandy, impenitent and unashamed, in tones that reached the National Gallery, in faultlessly modulated cadences, in sentences of perfect form, and with forefinger delicately appealing to the skies, addressed us as comrades and proclaimed that for his part he felt no violent prejudice against political assassination. For that arresting vision we still may hope. But for the literature which almost as distinctly

revealed the personality of gentleman and Socialist combined, we fear we must be content with what is finished now.

The new book, which is to be the last, increases the poignancy of our regret, for it recalls in summary the benefits we have received. Most of the scenes are new—records of recent events, episodes on the background of war, memories of recent experiences while buying horses for the War Office in Argentine regions, and galloping those grassy plains, perhaps for the last time. But whether the scene is laid in Scotland, Morocco, or Uruguay, with pleasure we scent the familiar atmosphere again—the "ambient," as Cunninghame Graham would call it, for sometimes, though rarely, the dandy intrudes into his prose. And in that familiar atmosphere we wait, overcome by the subtlety of its suggestions and memories, but waiting, waiting still, in the hope that some action, some story, some touch of drama worthy of all that skilfully painted scene may come to vitalize it at last. And sometimes it really comes. In this last of books it comes, we think, more often than in the past, and with at least equal vitality, just in time to save each scene from the dreariness of description, and the prettiness of picture postcards in words. Two temptations in literature we suppose Cunninghame Graham to have struggled against, and when he conquers either of them, we appreciate his victory the more for knowing how difficult the resistance must have been. He was always tempted to describe, not so much the scenes as the scenery of the unfrequented parts of the world which he recalled in his own mind with such vividness and regret. He was always tempted to describe, and when description was finished to leave it at that; like a kind uncle who gives the doll's-house but forgets the dolls.

The other temptation, which it may have cost an even sharper struggle to resist, is the tale of "sex"—sex as it is understood and sentimentalized in sub-tropical lands as the one emotion but bloodshed worth the feeling. In reading Cunninghame Graham one often recognizes how easily and naturally he might have emulated Pierre Loti in imagining amours with women of every imaginable tint. All kinds of girdle interest Pierre Loti, and he may be said to have cast a girdle of variegated sex around the world, excluding the temperate regions and the Poles. Cunninghame Graham, our Highlander Pierre Loti, could have fulfilled the same rather exhausting task with equal success, but he resisted the temptation to so obvious a feat, helped in his resistance, perhaps, by the touch of stern Caledonia, and certainly by the touch of satiric humor which never guided or restrained Pierre Loti as he ranged from land to land, a monotonous and wandering voice, like the cuckoo.

On these powers of resistance we congratulate Cunninghame Graham, and on one thing more. What a mercy it has been for him that photography did not create the cinema thirty or forty years ago! The scenes that he knew at first hand are exactly the scenes that the cinema loves to fake. What would not a manager of "movies" have given for real stories of these galloping Pingos, these silver-studded Apaches? What would he not have given for genuine representations of such scenes, with perhaps the picturesque and chivalrous figure of the author himself plunging through melodrama to triumph, pistols blazing and sex swung lightly across the furry saddlebow? It is too appalling to imagine from what horrors time and destiny have kept him safe. But now, instead of "the pictures" we have this attractive gallery—ten or a dozen volumes of pictures such as no one else has seen or drawn—pictures possessing the only value of pictures, in that they reveal the personality of the artist

discovering some secret hidden below the surface of outward things, for everyone to find, though no one else has found it.

So it is with sorrow that we turn the leaves, for in that fine gallery this book is the last room. Never again shall we see the South American life as it so lately was, nor hear the truth about the Lazo and the Bolas, nor watch the cloaked riders leaning from their horses to scrape the loose earth with one hand. Here was the last of the knightly pioneers, the last of the race who have dwelt where man and savagery met, and in themselves have mingled and accepted both. We see him standing there still, defiant of civilization, though the dandy of the Clubs; the friend of rebels, whose obsequies he celebrates, as here he celebrates Keir Hardie's; the anarchic politician, who startled the House of Commons with a "damn"; the satiric avenger of cant, who scoured the pictistic gloss off his own country and showed us the Scot at home; the man whose pity extends to our kindred beasts and feels the sorrows of the driven horse and wounded bird. But best of all, we think of him as he wishes in his last preface, like some prehistoric Indian setting free his horse before death overtakes him. "My works," he says:—

"Mine, if you ask me, are to be found, but in the trails I left in all the years I galloped both on the prairies and the pampas of America. Hold it not up to me for egotism, O gentle reader, for I would have you know that hardly any of the horses that I rode had shoes on them, and thus the tracks are faint."

So he flings us his book in farewell. *Mais, quel geste!* Describing a crowd of his own countrymen, he somewhere writes, "By the air they wore of chastened pleasure, all those who knew them saw that they were intent upon a funeral." At the funeral of Cunninghame Graham's literature we can feel no pleasure, but certainly we can call it happy in the opportunity of its death. For those who have hitherto feared its rebellion and defiance can soothe their apprehensions now by reflecting that the author has proved himself a valuable helper to his Government during the war; and those who have loved it long can dwell with fond memory upon the picturesque, rebellious, and defiant past.

A GERMAN DEMOCRAT.

ONE nation is never so attractive to another as when it sits down in sackcloth and ashes to analyze its own failings. The remark may sound cynical, and, indeed, in a better world it is possible that we should all prefer to see each other confident, upstanding, and assured. Whatever be the reason of this international social phenomenon, the fact remains that the nation is always unpopular which proclaims its own perfection, as the nation is popular which produces a genial school of satire and self-criticism. So far from thinking ill of the people which frankly laughs at itself or rebukes itself in public; we conceive a new hope for it, and a new regard for it. The professions of perfection rarely deceive the discriminating foreigner. If he admits a measure of truth in them, he knows that it is only half the truth, and he inclines to sit down and supply the omissions. When laughter and sermons and satires come his way, the same instinct bids him declare that "these honest people are really not so black as they paint themselves." What schoolboy would deny that he realized that the Romans were actually human beings, when he first read Juvenal? For our part, we had always cherished a secret hatred of the ancient Babylonians until we discovered that they wrote penitential psalms. Why have the French always been beloved in Europe? There are many

reasons, but one of them is Voltaire, and the last is Anatole France. The Russians have won our affection by the same ingenuous candor. From Gogol to Gorky their entire creative literature is critical. In the satire of Gogol, in the delicate irony of Turgenieff, in the gloomy self-analysis of Dostoevsky, in the sermons of Tolstoy, in the vitriolic sketches of Gorky, they are for ever explaining to us what utterly impossible people they are. We know all that can be said against their dreaminess, their laziness, their malady of self-analysis, their lack of any settled conventional morality, their drunkenness, their superstition. We know a dozen stories, told with genius, about their murders and their speculations. When the Recording Angel opens his book at the Russian page there will be nothing to shock us or surprise us. Precisely because we know all this about them we love the Russians. Such candor disarms us, such charity infects us, and even when Dostoevsky reveals his contempt for Western civilization, and bids us expect our salvation from the drunken, wife-beating, bribe-taking people whom he has been describing, we are not in the least offended.

The power of self-criticism in the world of international politics is hardly less than it is in literature. When we see a nation criticizing itself, we know that it is likely to amend. If anything saved us from universal unpopularity in the Boer War, it was the fact that a third of the nation, or thereabouts, was more or less "Pro-Boer." The great moral asset of Germany in the outside world was, of course, her Socialist Party, the biggest, the ablest, the best organized, and the most critical in Europe, and the worst moments for her, morally, in this war were the early months, when that party seemed to have gone over to Imperialism. Perhaps if we had followed German thought more closely in this country before the war, we should have realized that an honest and unflinching critical tendency existed also in some circles which are hostile to Socialism. We have found it, to our surprise, in a book which we took up with the intention of reading a typical statement of the German Imperialist attitude. Dr. Paul Rohrbach is sometimes referred to in English controversial literature as a "Pan-German." That is an absurd misdescription, but certainly he is an enthusiastic Imperialist, who believes in big fleets and strong armies, a large colonial empire, a high birth-rate, the absolute claims of morality, the religion of Jesus of Nazareth, and some other incompatible things. A German of the Russian Baltic provinces by birth, and at one time a missionary in Turkey, he writes with full knowledge on Eastern affairs, and he has travelled in Africa. He would describe his own position as that of an "Idealistic Imperialist," and though he has a good deal to say about the economic reasons for expansion, he prefers to lay stress on the impulse which drives a great civilized people to extend its "idea" in the world. That does not, as he points out, necessarily imply dominion, but it does involve expansion, if not by actual colonization, then by trade, schools, and political influence. The world's destinies turn, he thinks, largely on three vast extra-European problems: the civilization of the negroes, the adaptation of Islam to the modern world, and the reawakening of ancient Oriental cultures, especially that of China. On the whole, the solution of these three problems seemed to lie at the end of the last century in British hands. Dr. Rohrbach pays a generous tribute to the capacity of these hands, but he has the natural and not unworthy ambition to use his own. The question of world-politics is, therefore, whether the British World-Empire will make room for a German World-Empire beside it. That is the framework of his argument, but fully half the book consists of

trenchant, democratic self-criticism. British success, he insists, is due mainly to character, and German success may be impaired or ruined by certain national faults.

One hesitates in war-time to reproduce these candid self-criticisms, and to use them as an intellectual missile to hurl at the enemy would be ungenerous. If we dwell on them, it is because the awakening of a critical temper in the quarter where one would least expect it, is a hopeful sign for the future of Germany and Europe. Dr. Rohrbach, be it noted, though opposed to annexations in the West, is a firm supporter of the war, which he regards with evident sincerity as one of defence. He is a popular writer, and our copy of "Der Deutsche Gedanke in der Welt" is marked "90th thousand." Originally published in 1912, it seems to have been extensively rewritten since the war. Beautifully printed from one of those tasteful modern founts of type which our own printers are so slow to adopt, and costing, bound, only 1s. 8d., it reminds us how enviably large is the German reading public, even for thoughtful, and by no means elementary, books. The burden of this critical patriot's message to his countrymen is, in one application after another, "cure yourselves of your anti-democratic habits." He begins with the structure of German society, and notes the stress which every would-be successful man tends to lay on his membership of some exclusive circle. The spirit of caste infects this society from top to bottom. A man who would make his career, if he is not of noble birth, must have belonged at college to one of the more select "corps," which in after life dominate the services. To the conservative, aristocratic tradition of the Lutheran Church he consecrates some scathing pages. It was in its origins the Church of the German Princes; it is given up to-day to the idolatry of caste, and it is almost hopeless to think of it ever becoming a people's church. He thinks with envy of the Scottish Presbyterian and the English Nonconformist tradition. The inevitable consequence of this ascendancy of caste in German society, is that German Socialism more than any other Labor movement in Europe, bases itself on the class-war. The unity of the nation was with difficulty achieved across the particularism of the German States and the division of the two creeds, and to-day caste still undermines it.

From society Dr. Rohrbach goes on (always with a glance of not unkindly envy at us and the French) to touch on political democracy. He speaks fiercely of the Prussian Three-Class franchise, outspokenly of the monopoly by the landed class of the Civil Service, and by the nobility of the diplomatic service. He calls boldly for a more vigilant control of public opinion over foreign policy. Finally, in an eloquent and really courageous chapter, he discusses the failure of modern Germany to make "moral conquests" over other nations as British and French civilization do. The chief hindrance is, he thinks, precisely the prejudice felt all over the world, even in awakening China, against Germany as a reactionary and anti-democratic State. Reactionary on the whole, the German people, he insists, is not; but he has no answer to the other objection. From this he goes on with an unsparing hand to castigate the noisiness and vulgarity of German manners, and the Prussian tradition of "Schneidigkeit" (the "cutting," down-right, assertive habit). He concludes with an explanation of the growth of these unamiable traits in the present generation, which is, we think, true and penetrating, and may contain a salutary warning for our own future development. The old, lovable Germany, backward in material and technical civilization, was a land in which every educated man possessed, or tried to possess, some elements of universal

culture. History and philosophy flourished, and while the grandfathers knew fewer facts than the grandsons, they had more ideas and broader minds. Modern Germany is threatened to-day with the consequences of excessive specialization. She has won material progress at the cost of spiritual illiteracy (*innere Unbildung*). A man is valued only for his competence in his own special domain.

Heaven forbid that we should read these confessions with complacency. There is too much of the spirit of caste among us, though there is less than in Germany. Our "public schools" answer to the German student "corps," and the Anglican Church is far from being a "Volkskirche." As for our education, if we have too little special knowledge, it is not because as a whole our upper and middle classes escape the reproach of "spiritual illiteracy." But we question whether even Dr. Rohrbach, honest thinker though he is, has fully thought out his own position. He complains of the absence of national unity in Germany. Clearly, it was precisely the lack of it which led to the building up of the aristocratic, bureaucratic, military Prussian State. If inner unity is wanting, it must be imposed from above and built up by machinery. The one thing which in our generation has led to the survival of this cramping, hierarchical organization is, to our thinking, precisely the pursuit of Imperialist aims—above all in Alsace and in Poland. The Germany which had set herself a military task was obliged to accept in her daily social and political life the organization of a camp. Radicals like Dr. Rohrbach and Dr. Naumann, who support the Imperialism but object to the anti-democracy, seem to us to be following a half-idea. We find little that is harmful or unreasonable in their desire for expansion, but for Germany's sake and the world's sake, it must be expansion by other instruments than fleets and armies. So long as it follows that technique, we doubt its ability to reform the Prussian tradition. That tradition had a purpose, and was well adapted to its purpose—defence first, then conquest, but always defence through conquest. M. Sembat wrote a brilliant little book shortly before the war which had its moral for democrats in all countries. Its title conveys its lesson: *Faites un roi; sinon faites la paix*.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

(Concluded from page 80.)

BOOK III.

The Testament of Matching's Easy.

§ 4

THREE hours later Mr. Britling was working by daylight, though his study lamp was still burning, and his letter to old Heinrich was still no better than a collection of material for a letter. But the material was falling roughly into shape, and Mr. Britling's intentions were finding themselves. It was clear to him now that he was no longer writing as his limited personal self to those two personal selves grieving, in the old, large, high-walled, steep-roofed household amidst pine-woods, of which Heinrich had once shown him a picture. He knew them too little for any such personal address. He was writing, he perceived, not as Mr. Britling but as an Englishman—that was all he could be to them—and he was writing to them as Germans; he could apprehend

them as nothing more. He was just England bereaved to Germany bereaved.

He was no longer writing to the particular parents of one particular boy, but to all that mass of suffering, regret, bitterness, and fatigue that lay behind the veil of the "front." Slowly, steadily, the manhood of Germany was being wiped out. As he sat there in the stillness he could think that at least two million men of the Central Powers were dead, and an equal number maimed and disabled. Compared with that our British losses, immense and universal as they were by the standard of any previous experience, were still slight; our larger armies had still to suffer, and we had lost irrevocably not very much more than a quarter of a million. But the tragedy gathered against us. We knew enough already to know what must be the reality of the German homes to which those dead men would nevermore return.

If England had still the longer account to pay, the French had paid already nearly to the limits of endurance. They must have lost well over a million of their mankind, and still they bled and bled. Russia, too, in the East had paid far more than man for man in this vast swapping off of lives. In a little while no Censorship would hold the voice of the peoples. There would be no more talk of honor and annexations, hegemonies and trade routes, but only Europe lamenting for her dead.

The Germany to which he wrote would be a nation of widows and children, rather pinched boys and girls, crippled men, old men, deprived men, men who had lost brothers and cousins and friends and ambitions. No triumph now on land or sea could save Germany from becoming that. France too would be that, Russia, and lastly Britain, each in their degree. Before the war there had been no Germany to which an Englishman could appeal; Germany had been a threat, a menace, a terrible trampling of armed men. It was as little possible then to think of talking to Germany as it would have been to have stopped the Kaiser in mid career in his hooting car down the Unter den Linden and demanded a quiet talk with him. But the Germany that had watched those rushes with a slightly doubting pride had her eyes now full of tears and blood. She had believed, she had obeyed, and no real victory had come. Still she fought on, bleeding, agonizing, wasting her substance and the substance of the whole world, to no conceivable end but exhaustion, so capable she was, so devoted, so proud and utterly foolish. And the mind of Germany, whatever it was before the war, would now be something residual, something left over and sitting beside a reading-lamp as he was sitting beside a reading-lamp, thinking, sorrowing, counting the cost, looking into the dark future.

And to that he wrote, to that dimly apprehended figure outside a circle of the light like his own circle of light—which was the father of Heinrich, which was great Germany, Germany which lived before and which will yet outlive the flapping of the eagles.

"Our boys," he wrote, "have died, fighting one against the other. They have been fighting upon an issue so obscure that your German press is still busy discussing what it was. For us it was that Belgium was invaded and France in danger of destruction. Nothing else could have brought the English into the field against you. But why you invaded Belgium and France and whether that might have been averted we do not know to this day. And still this war goes on and still more boys die, and these men who do not fight, these men in the newspaper offices and in the ministries, plan campaigns and strokes and counter-strokes that belong to no conceivable plan at all. Except that now for them there is something more terrible than war. And that is the day of reckoning with their own people.

"What have we been fighting for? What are we fighting for? Do you know? Does anyone know? Why am I spending what is left of my substance and you what is left of yours to keep on this war against each other? What have we to gain from hurting one another still further? Why should we be puppets any longer in the hands of crowned fools and witless diplomats? Even if we were dumb and acquiescent before, does not the blood of our sons now cry out to us that

this foolery should cease? We have let these people send our sons to death.

"It is you and I who must stop these wars, these massacres of boys.

"Massacres of boys! That indeed is the essence of modern war. The killing off of the young. It is the destruction of the human inheritance, it is the spending of all the life and material of the future upon present-day hate and greed. Fools and knaves, politicians, tricksters, and those who trade on the suspicions and thoughtless, generous angers of men, make wars; the indolence and modesty of the mass of men permit them. Are you and I to suffer such things until the whole fabric of our civilization, that has been so slowly and so laboriously built up, is altogether destroyed?

"When I sat down to write to you I had meant only to write to you of your son and mine. But I feel that what can be said in particular of our loss, need not be said; it can be understood without saying. What needs to be said and written about is this, that war must be put an end to and that nobody else but you and I and all of us can do it. We have to do that for the love of our sons and our race and all that is human. War is no longer human; the chemist and the metallurgist have changed all that. My boy was shot through the eye; his brain was blown to pieces by some man who never knew what he had done. Think what that means! . . . It is plain to me, surely it is plain to you and all the world, that war is now a mere putting of the torch to explosives that flare out to universal ruin. There is nothing for one sane man to write to another about in these days but the salvation of mankind from war.

"Now I want you to be patient with me and hear me out. There was a time in the earlier part of this war when it was hard to be patient because there hung over us the dread of losses and disaster. Now we need dread no longer. The dreaded thing has happened. Sitting together as we do in spirit beside the mangled bodies of our dead, surely we can be as patient as the hills.

"I want to tell you quite plainly and simply that I think that Germany, which is chief and central in this war, is most to blame for this war. Writing to you as an Englishman to a German and with war still being waged, there must be no mistake between us upon this point. I am persuaded that in the decade that ended with your overthrow of France in 1871, Germany turned her face towards evil, and that her refusal to treat France generously and to make friends with any other great Power in the world, is the essential cause of this war. Germany triumphed—and she trampled on the loser. She inflicted intolerable indignities. She set herself to prepare for further aggressions; long before this killing began she was making war upon land and sea, launching warships, building strategic railways, setting up a vast establishment of war material, threatening, straining all the world to keep pace with her threats. . . . At last there was no choice before any European nation but submission to the German will, or war. And it was no will to which righteous men could possibly submit. It came as an illiberal and ungracious will. It was the will of Zabern. It is not as if you had set yourselves to be an imperial people and embrace and unify the world. You did not want to unify the world. You wanted to set the foot of an intensely national Germany, a sentimental and illiberal Germany, a Germany that treasured the portraits of your ridiculous Kaiser and his litter of sons, a Germany wearing uniform, reading black letter, and despising every Kultur but her own, upon the neck of a divided and humiliated mankind. It was an intolerable prospect. I had rather the whole world died.

"Forgive me for writing 'you.' You are as little responsible for that Germany as I am for—Sir Edward Grey. But this happened over you; you did not do your utmost to prevent it—even as England has happened, and I have let it happen over me. . . ."

"It is so dry; so general," whispered Mr. Britling. "And yet—it is this that has killed our sons."

He sat still for a time, and then went on reading a fresh sheet of his manuscript.

"When I bring these charges against Germany I have little disposition to claim any righteousness for Britain. There has been small splendor in this war for either Germany or Britain or Russia; we three have chanced to be the biggest of the combatants, but the glory lies with invincible France. It is France and Belgium and Serbia who shine as the heroic lands. They have fought defensively and beyond all expecta-

tions, for dear land and freedom. This war for them has been a war of simple, definite issues, to which they have risen with an entire nobility. Englishman and German alike may well envy them that simplicity. I look to you, as an honest man schooled by the fierce lessons of this war, to meet me in my passionate desire to see France, Belgium, and Serbia emerge restored from all this blood and struggle, enlarged to the limits of their nationality, vindicated and secure. Russia I will not write about here; let me go on at once to tell you about my own country; remarking only that between England and Russia there are endless parallelisms. We have similar complexities, kindred difficulties. We have, for instance, an imported dynasty, we have a soul-destroying State Church which cramps and poisons the education of our ruling class, we have a people out of touch with a secretive government, and the same traditional contempt for science. We have our Irelands and Polands. Even our kings bear a curious likeness.

At this point there was a break in the writing, and Mr. Britling made, as it were, a fresh beginning.

"Politically the British Empire is a clumsy collection of strange accidents. It is a thing as little to be proud of as the outline of a flint or the shape of a potato. For the mass of English people India and Egypt and all that side of our system mean less than nothing; our trade is something they do not understand, our imperial wealth something they do not share. Britain has been a group of three democracies caught in the net of a vast yet casual imperialism; the common man here is in a state of political perplexity from the cradle to the grave. None the less there is a great people here even as there is a great people in Russia, a people with a soul and character of its own, a people of unconquerable kindness and with a peculiar genius, which still struggle towards will and expression. We have been beginning that same great experiment that France and America and Switzerland and China are making, the experiment of democracy. It is the newest form of human association, and we are still but half awake to its needs and necessary conditions. For it is idle to pretend that the little city democracies of ancient times were comparable to the great essays in practical republicanism that mankind is making to-day. This age of the democratic republics that dawns is a new age. It has not yet lasted for a century, not for a paltry hundred years. . . . All new things are weak things; a rat can kill a man-child with ease; the greater the destiny, the weaker the immediate self-protection may be. And to me it seems that your complete and perfect imperialism, ruled by Germans for Germans, is in its scope and outlook a more antiquated and smaller and less noble thing than these sprawling emergent giant democracies that struggle so confusedly against it.

"But that we do struggle confusedly, with pitiful leaders and infinite waste and endless delay; that it is to our indiscipline and to the dishonesties and tricks our incompleteness provokes, that the prolongation of this war is to be ascribed, I readily admit. At the outbreak of this war I had hoped to see militarism felled within a year. . . ."

§ 5

From this point onward Mr. Britling's notes became more fragmentary. They had a consecutiveness, but they were discontinuous. His thought had leapt across gaps that his pen had had no time to fill. And he had begun to realize that his letter to the old people in Pomerania was becoming impossible. It had broken away into dissertation.

"Yet there must be dissertations," he said. "Unless such men as we are take these things in hand, always we shall be misgoverned, always the sons will die. . . ."

§ 6

"I do not think you Germans realize how steadily you were conquering the world before this war began. Had you given half the energy and intelligence you have spent upon this war to the peaceful conquest of men's minds and spirits, I believe that you would have taken the leadership of the world tranquilly—no man disputing. Your science was five years, your social and economic organization was a quarter of a century in front of ours. . . . Never has it so lain in the power of a great people to lead and direct mankind towards

the world republic and universal peace. It needed but a certain generosity of the imagination. . . .

"But your Junkers, your Imperial Court, your foolish, vicious Princes; what were such dreams to them? . . . With an envious satisfaction they hurled all the accomplishment of Germany into the fires of war. . . ."

§ 7

"Your boy, as no doubt you know, dreamt constantly of such a world peace as this that I foreshadow; he was more generous than his country. He could envisage war and hostility only as misunderstanding. He thought that a world that could explain itself clearly would surely be at peace. He was scheming always therefore for the perfection and propagation of Esperanto or Ido, or some such universal link. My youngster too was full of a kindred and yet larger dream, the dream of human science, which knows neither king nor country nor race. . . ."

"These boys, these hopes, this war has killed. . . ."

That fragment ended so. Mr. Britling ceased to read for a time. "But has it killed them?" he whispered. . . .

"If you had lived, my dear, you and your England would have talked with a younger Germany—better than I can ever do. . . ."

He turned the pages back, and read here and there with an accumulating discontent.

§ 8.

"Dissertations," said Mr. Britling.

Never had it been so plain to Mr. Britling that he was a weak, silly, ill-informed, and hastily-minded writer, and never had he felt so invincible a conviction that the Spirit of God was in him, and that it fell to him to take some part in the establishment of a new order of living upon the earth; it might be the most trivial part by the scale of the task, but for him it was to be now his supreme concern. And it was an almost intolerable grief to him that his services should be, for all his desire, so poor in quality, so weak in conception. Always he seemed to be on the verge of some illuminating and beautiful statement of his cause; always he was finding his writing inadequate, a thin treachery to the impulse of his heart, always he was finding his effort weak and ineffective. In this instance, at the outset he seemed to see with a golden clearness the message of brotherhood, of forgiveness, of a common call. To whom could such a message be better addressed than to those sorrowing parents; from whom could it come with a better effect than from himself. And now he read what he had made of this message. It seemed to his jaded mind a pitifully jaded effort. It had no light, it had no depth. It was like the disquisition of a debating society.

He was distressed by a fancy of an old German couple, spectacled and peering, puzzled by his letter. Perhaps they would be obscurely hurt by his perplexing generalizations. Why, they would ask, should this Englishman preach to them?

He sat back in his chair wearily, with his chin sunk upon his chest. For a time he did not think, and then he read again the sentence in front of his eyes.

"These boys, these hopes, this war has killed."

The words hung for a time in his mind.

"No!" said Mr. Britling stoutly. "They live!"

And suddenly it was borne in upon his mind that he was not alone. There were thousands and tens of thousands of men and women like himself, desiring with all their hearts to say, as he desired to say, the reconciling word. It was not only his hand that thrust against the obstacles. . . . Frenchmen and Russians sat in the same stillness, facing the same perplexities; there were Germans seeking a way through to him. Even as he sat and wrote. And for the first time clearly he felt a Presence of which he had thought very many times in the last few weeks, a Presence so close to him that it was behind his eyes and in his brain and hands. It was no trick of his vision; it was a feeling of immediate reality. And it was Hugh, Hugh that he had

thought was dead, it was young Heinrich living also, it was himself, it was those others that sought, it was all these and it was more, it was the Master, the Captain of Mankind, it was God, there present with him, and he knew that it was God. It was as if he had been groping all this time in the darkness, thinking himself alone amidst rocks and pitfalls and pitiless things, and suddenly a hand, a firm strong hand, had touched his own. And a voice within him bade him be of good courage. There was no magic trickery in that moment; he was still weak and weary, a discouraged rhetorician, a good-intention ill-equipped; but he was no longer lonely and wretched, no longer in the same world with despair. God was beside him and within him and about him. . . . It was the crucial moment of Mr. Britling's life. It was a thing as light as the passing of a cloud on an April morning; it was a thing as great as the first day of Creation. For some moments he still sat back with his chin upon his chest and his hands dropping from the arms of his chair. Then he sat up and drew a deep breath. . . .

This had come almost as a matter of course.

For weeks his mind had been playing about this idea. He had talked to Letty of this Finite God, who is the king of man's adventure in space and time. But hitherto God had been for him a thing of the intelligence, a theory, a report, something told about but not realized. . . .

Mr. Britling's thinking about God hitherto had been like someone who has found an empty house, very beautiful and pleasant, full of the promise of a fine personality. And then as the discoverer makes his lonely, curious explorations, he hears downstairs, dear and friendly, the voice of the Master coming in. . . .

There was no need to despair because he himself was one of the feeble folk. God was with him indeed, and he was with God. The King was coming to his own. Amidst the darkneses and confusions, the nightmare cruelties and the hideous stupidities of the great war, God, the Captain of the World Republic, fought his way to empire. So long as one did one's best and utmost in a cause so mighty, did it matter though the thing one did was little and poor?

"I have thought too much of myself," said Mr. Britling, "and of what I would do by myself. I have forgotten *that which was with me.* . . ."

§ 9.

He turned over the rest of the night's writing presently, and read it now as though it was the work of another man.

These later notes were fragmentary, and written in a sprawling hand.

"Let us make ourselves watchers and guardians of the order of the world. . . ."

"If only for love of our dead. . . ."

"Let us pledge ourselves to service. Let us set ourselves with all our minds and all our hearts to the perfecting and working out of the methods of democracy and the ending for ever of the kings and emperors and priestcrafts and the bands of adventurers, the traders and owners and forestallers who have betrayed mankind into this morass of hate and blood—in which our sons are lost—in which we flounder still. . . ."

How feeble was this squeak of exhortation! It broke into a scolding note.

"Who have betrayed," read Mr. Britling, and judged the phrase.

"Who have fallen with us," he emended. . . .

"One gets so angry and bitter—because one feels alone, I suppose. Because one feels that for them one's reason is no reason. One is enraged by the sense of their silent and regardless contradiction, and one forgets the Power of which one is a part. . . ."

The sheet that bore the sentence he criticized was otherwise blank, except that written across it obliquely in a very careful hand were the words "Hugh," and "Hugh Philip Britling."

On the next sheet he had written: "Let us set up the peace of the World Republic amidst these ruins. Let it be our religion, our calling."

There he had stopped.

§ 10.

He sighed.

He looked at the scattered papers, and thought of the letter they were to have made.

His fatigue spoke first.

"Perhaps after all I'd better just send the fiddle. . . ."

He rested his cheeks between his hands, and remained so for a long time. His eyes stared unseeing. His thoughts wandered and spread and faded. At length he recalled his mind to that last idea. "Just send the fiddle—without a word."

"No. I must write to them plainly.

"About God as I have found Him.

"As He has found me. . . ."

He forgot the Pomeranians for a time. He murmured to himself. He turned over the conviction that had suddenly become clear and absolute in his mind.

"Yes. Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end. He may have his friendships, his partial loyalties, his scraps of honor. But all these things fall into place and life falls into place only with God. Only with God. God, who fights through men against Blind Force and Night and Non-Existence; who is the end, who is the meaning. He is the only King. . . . Of course, I must write about Him. I must tell all my world of Him. And before the coming of the true King, the inevitable King, the King who is present whenever just men foregather, this blood-stained rubbish of the ancient world, these puny kings and tawdry emperors, these wily politicians and artful lawyers, these men who claim and grab and trick and compel, these war makers and oppressors, will presently shrivel and pass—like paper thrust into a flame. . . ."

Then after a time he said:

"Our sons who have shown us God. . . ."

§ 11.

He rubbed his open hands over his eyes and forehead.

The night of effort had tired his brain, and he was no longer thinking actively. He had a little interval of blankness, sitting at his desk with his hands pressed over his eyes. . . .

He got up presently, and stood quite motionless at the window, looking out.

His lamp was still burning, but for some time he had not been writing by the light of his lamp. Insensibly the day had come and abolished his need for that individual circle of yellow light. Color had returned to the world, clean pearly color, clear and definite like the glance of a child or the voice of a girl, and a golden wisp of cloud hung in the sky over the tower of the church. There was a mist upon the pond, a soft grey mist not a yard high. A covey of partridges ran and halted and ran again in the dewy grass outside his garden railings. The partridges were very numerous this year because there had been so little shooting. Beyond in the meadow a hare sat up as still as a stone. A horse neighed. . . . Wave after wave of warmth and light came sweeping before the sunrise across the world of Matching's Easy. It was as if there was nothing but morning and sunrise in the world.

From away towards the church came the sound of some early worker whetting a scythe.

[THE END.]

Letters to the Editor.

A GERMAN OFFICIAL'S VIEW OF PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—During my visit to Germany this summer, where I journeyed in the interests of our fellow-countrymen in Ruhleben Camp, opportunity arose to learn at first hand German points of view.

Broadly speaking, studying the German people was strangely like seeing ourselves in a glass; every grade of political thought and every phase of human feeling that we are familiar with here is to be found reflected there; and the thought leaps to the mind—how alike we are!

Yet one great exception there seemed to be—namely, that while the majority of English people appear to want to fight on, the majority of the Germans as clearly appear to wish for peace. From all ranks and sections I heard the same thing: "We do not wish to continue fighting, but if we must, we can."

I heard this most forcibly from the lips of a high official of the Foreign Office. He told me that Germany wished for peace, and was willing to enter into negotiations to that end, but he reiterated that he feared there was no such disposition on the part of English statesmen. He said he could not conceive that any country could gain anything by a continuance of the war.

He reminded me of the fact—very real to them if not understood here—that twice Germany had plainly set forth to the world that she desired peace. He said the only reply to those statements of her willingness had been insults. He felt that under these circumstances it was for our side to make the next move.

He showed that there was no idea of approaching the question of peace in Germany as victor, for he said these words: "We know England is not beaten. It is true Germany has had great victories, but she has also had great defeats; England may not have had great victories, but neither has she suffered great defeats. We know full well that England is not defeated."

He said that if the Allies would not speak of peace, then Germany must fight on. She could do so, because her desire for peace was not based on weakness or failing resources, but upon reason and humanity. They could fight on, if need be, for years.

He spoke freely of the food supply of Germany. Though gravely affected by our blockade, the shortage is not such as will influence the question of peace. They would be content, he affirmed, to live very plainly as in the days before 1870.

He dwelt on the horror, not solely for Germany, but for all Western Europe, of this extermination of its youth. He spoke much of the necessity for England and Germany to live in amity; race, kinship, interests all demand it.

He showed me they were prepared to be moderate and reasonable in the proposals on their side, but such intricate matters I will not approach. This and much more he said to me.

Sir, does it not seem as if negotiations might easily be opened? If the moral courage of the governments equalled the immortal military courage of their soldiers, private conversations between ministers might begin, and a basis for honorable peace be found by nobler, saner methods than those that shock the world to-day.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY HOBHOUSE.

October 12th, 1916.

THE SOLDIER'S VIEW.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have read with great sympathy Mrs. Pethick Lawrence's letter published by you on October 7th, and also the letter under the title "When These Dumb Speak." Possibly, in this connection you may be interested in the opinions of a lance-corporal whom I happened to meet just before he was going to France. He told me that he hated the thought of killing a German, so I asked him why he had enlisted. (It was before the days of conscription.) "Somebody had to," he said. "Yes, had to," said I, "because we've got to smash the Germans." "That may be," he said, "but I don't believe myself either side'll win—not out and out." "That's rather a dismal prophecy," I said. "No, it ain't. Look here, if they was to beat us—smash us—should we ever rest till we'd paid 'em out? And d'you think they'll feel any different?" "Well, we might bring them to their senses," I said. "Oh, yes," he agreed; "we've got to do that. And we've got to come to our own senses, too. And then we'll agree to be a've more sensible. I ain't no scholar, and I can't put it like what you would, but that's what I

think, and there's many a chap in our lot thinks the same."

One cannot help thinking that there is a good deal of talk by more scholarly persons than that man (who was just off to risk his life) which is calculated to make it extremely difficult for Germans to come to their senses.—Yours, &c.,

ELEANOR ACLAND.

5, Cheyne Place, Royal Hospital Road, S.W.
October 16th, 1916.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have just read Mr. Cannan's defence of Conscientious Objectors in their "refusal to assist in the continuance of the war."

Now, it is good ethics that "he who wills the end wills the means." Conversely, he who wills the means wills the end.

Were England now to "refuse to continue the war" and to demobilize her forces by sea and land, then the probable end, as no sober man would deny, would be that her towns and villages, with their men, women, and children, would speedily undergo the fate of Belgium. Conscientious Objectors complain, no doubt with reason, of harsh judgment. This would certainly be modified if they would only show that they do fully realize and admit the ultimate and dreadful consequences of the principles for which they stand, *e.g.*, if they would say frankly: "We see all this, and, in the name of God, so far as our human will goes, we accept for us and ours the fate of Belgium."

Instead, they talk vaguely about the duty of non-resistance, &c., with little to indicate what that view implies in the present case, and no likelihood of its ever being brought to the test of naked reality.

Is it surprising if, in these days of stress, exasperation rather than admiration is uppermost in the feeling of the nation towards its pacifist sons?—Yours, &c.,

C. M. HUDSON.

Southbourne. October 17th, 1916.

THE UNFIT AND THE ARMY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the "Events of the Week" in last week's issue of *THE NATION*, you say: "They (*i.e.*, the tuberculous and the maimed) are being drafted to an extent that is hardly realized. . . . To embody such men in the Army, and weakly men of all sorts, merely provides a paper force. There will always be a large proportion of such soldiers out of the ranks, under treatment, and the efficiency of the Army, not to say its moral, will suffer."

As confirming your inference that the recruitment of the unfit has not been put an end to by the creation of the Appeal Medical Board, I beg leave to send you herewith three copies of certificates of doctors to the effect that owing to neuritis on the right sciatic nerve the writer is unfit for ordinary military service, and to say that, in spite of these certificates, he has been passed for general service.

From conversation with other civilians sent before the Board, it is evident that my experience is not uncommon.* Of the three doctors whose names appear on the certificates, Dr. Roderick, who is surgeon at the Base Hospital at Cambridge, with the rank of Major in the R.A.M.C., treated me for neuritis whilst I was an undergraduate at Peter House, Cambridge; Dr. Reynolds is my London doctor, under whose direction, when I came down in 1914, I tried a course of electrical treatment for the neuritis, which the Board says does not exist; while Dr. Riesin Russell is the well-known nerve specialist.

The means by which the Board arrived at this decision are indicated in a memorandum of my appearance before the Board, copy of which is also enclosed herewith.

By way of explanation I may add that originally I had been, in spite of Dr. Roderick's certificate, passed for general service by a medical board after an examination for

* As illustrating the attitude of the Board to civilians sent before it, I would invite your attention to the Press report of a case enclosed herewith.

neuritis which lasted not two minutes, and that I was later examined by Dr. Reynolds and Dr. Riesin Russell—who are unacquainted with Dr. Roderick—and by them certified unfit. I then fought the case through the Local and Appeal Tribunals to the Central Tribunal, on the principle that civilian doctors' evidence should be taken into account by the tribunal when hearing the appeal under the ill-health or infirmity clause of the Military Service Act. Had I succeeded in establishing this principle it would have afforded some check on the bias of Army doctors. The Central Tribunal, however, sent me to the War Office for re-examination, and the War Office sent me to the Appeal Medical Board, which confirmed the decision of the previous medical board.

Should you desire to inspect the originals of any of the documents in question or to have further particulars, I shall be happy to supply them.

As a Cambridge double first with now two years' City experience as a company secretary, I feel that at this time I can do work more useful than fulfilling my doctors' prophecy, when they heard that I had been passed by the Medical Board, that long before I reached the front I should be in the hospital.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. WALTER.

25, Whitehall Park, London, N.

October 18th, 1916.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I find that the Inns of Court O.T.C. will not take me, on the ground that either the alleged unfitness which prevented me from attesting was a sham, in which case I am a "shirker," or it was genuine, in which case they do not want me. The dilemma is complete, but it was not of my making.—H. C. W.

[We have examined the medical certificates in question. They bear out Mr. Walter's description of them.—ED., THE NATION.]

RELIGION AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. T. M. Pearce writes (p. 83) a letter of much interest. But it would be more correctly headed "Religion and Vanity." It is useless, for me at least, to argue with him. We have no common basis. "Worship," "reunion," and the rest may be excellent; but Mr. Pearce is crying to deaf ears. The world has long passed beyond the stage for his remedies. He, indeed, seems himself to despair of the Church as a divided house. Are we to fight on until his theological ideas are generally accepted? The decay of faith has been accompanied by a growth of a humanitarian spirit, and new rational standpoints emerge. Even this ghastly war must not make us doubt that. To despair of better times through human remedies is to despair of our species, and that is far worse than to despair of an effete church.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE WHALE.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W. October 14th, 1916.

OUR EMPTY CHURCHES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Vizard complains of the unreality of church services, and many will echo his complaint. But has he, or they, ever sought for what he wants at a church where the Eucharist is made the chief service instead of the ordinary Morning Prayer? The custom of such worship, never dropped in the Eastern or Roman Churches, is being revived in a growing number of our own. It might prove just what he, and they, want. It certainly made all the difference to me many years ago.—Yours, &c.,

CLEMENT F. ROGERS.

1, Vernon Chambers, Southampton Row, W.C.

October 17th, 1916.

RUPERT BROOKE'S POEMS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Would you please note that by some error you included in your list of Autumn Announcements, in your Supplement of October 7th, Rupert Brooke's "Collected

Poems, with a Memoir by E.M."? We have been at pains to inform the public in our lists and advertisements that the publication of this book is postponed for the duration of the war, and beg you will insert a note to that effect in your next issue.—Yours, &c.,

For and on behalf of Sidgwick & Jackson Ltd.,

F. SIDGWICK.

3, Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

October 16th, 1916.

"THE WAR IN THE AIR."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have before me your interesting Review (September 30th, 1916). I cannot tell from it whether Mr. Winchester, in his book, mentions a forgotten aviation pioneer, so worthy to be remembered that I am confident he will yet be brought to the front and his memory publicly honored. I refer to Professor Pettigrew, of the University of St. Andrews. In his book "Animal Locomotion" (Henry S. King & Co.), in the "International Scientific Series," there is a chapter on Aeronautics. In that chapter Professor Pettigrew refers to the very first employment of the term "aeroplane"—given, as the name the designer chose, to the particular planes adopted in his design. The very machine in which these planes were first used is represented by a woodcut in the book. The machine was exhibited at a London exhibition at the time. The book was first published in 1873. Only those who came into personal contact with Professor Pettigrew knew properly the depth of his enthusiasm on the subject of "men flying as birds." At every extra-mural (Dundee) lecture of his I had the privilege to attend he had the boldness to bring in the subject. It is too late for me to attempt an apology on behalf of myself and the rest for the hilarious reception often given to the enthusiast's ardor of prophecy. But I cannot help asking you to give space for an appeal to the authorities not to neglect the memory of one who assuredly in faith foresaw what was coming, and I doubt not now rejoices in the power in the air modern invention has developed for his beloved country.—Yours, &c.,

DAVID RUSSELL KYD.

At Manse of Cawdor, Nairnshire.

October 15th, 1916.

Poetry.

TO ADVERSITY.

ADVERSITY, sweet layer on of hands,
Healing the soul's bewilderment, thou friend
Who comes so oft clad in pale terror's guise,
To pour thy rays on unilluminated things,
Blinding the eyes before thou givest sight,
Now art thou come to me. I was as one
Bereft of birthright, unaware of God,
With days undedicated, and alone,
Wandering the desert of security.
Thou bringest visions, crownest me with thorns.
The myriad pilgrims of humanity,
Cross-laden, pass upon their sacred way,
Each beckons me, a myriad voices call.
All things are now significant of God.
Thus hast thou wrought for me, Adversity,
Cleanser of self. Here hast thou shown to me
Creation, Life, not Death. To me thou art
The harbinger of Christ, and in thy hands
Bearest the keys of Heaven. I follow thee.

MARY ALDEN CHILDERS.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Responsibilities and Other Poems." By W. B. Yeats. (Macmillan. 6s.)
 "Reveries over Childhood and Youth." By W. B. Yeats. (Macmillan. 6s.)
 "Russian Memories." By Madame Olga Novikoff. (Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Soul of Russia." Edited by Winifred Stephens. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Selected Poems." By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The German Road to the East." By P. Evans Lewin. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Portraits of the 'Seventies.'" By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. (Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)
 "The Vindication of Great Britain." By Harold Begbie. (Methuen. 6s. net.)
 "France To-Day." By Laurence Jerrold. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Things I Remember." By Sidney Whitman. (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Brought Forward." By R. B. Cunningham Graham. (Duckworth. 6s.)
 "Madame Prince." By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

A PARAGRAPH about publishers in fiction which I wrote last week has suggested to a reader the kindred topic of the imaginary books created by novelists. An annotated catalogue of this ghostly world of books would certainly be welcomed by book-lovers. But its compiler would have to take all fiction for his province, and this demands a knowledge that I cannot claim. There are, however, a number of titles with which I am familiar, and which, were it possible, I would be glad to see upon my shelves. First and most famous of all is the volume mentioned in the opening sentence of "Richard Feverel":—

"Some years ago a book was published under the title of 'The Pilgrim's Scrip.' It consisted of a selection of original aphorisms by an anonymous gentleman, who in this bashful manner gave a bruised heart to the world."

This is an apt beginning, for "The Pilgrim's Scrip" runs like a *leit-motif* through the following pages, and so many of the aphorisms are quoted that an American publisher has collected them and issued them as Sir Austin Feverel's work. This selection of a selection is necessarily incomplete and unfair to Sir Austin Feverel, but I regret that we are denied even a selection from the writings of Sir Austin's friend, Mr. Denzil Somers. He was, it will be remembered, a sentimentalist and a satirist, and "his earlier poems, published under the pseudonym of Diaper Sandoe, were so pure and bloodless in their love passages, and at the same time so biting in their moral tone, that his reputation was great among the virtuous, who form the larger portion of the English book-buying public."

AMONG the novels in novels, I am inclined to plump for those of Mrs. Diana Warwick as described in Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways." They also were published under a pseudonym, that of "Antonia," and the first of them was so well puffed by Mr. Redworth that "orders for copies of the 'Princess Egeria' reached the astonished publishers before the book was advertised." Its successor, "The Young Minister of State," was a "roman à clef" which led one of Diana's reviewers to suggest that "perhaps the talented authoress might be writing too rapidly." Diana took the advice, but though "The Cantatrice" was written slowly and with more care, it failed to please either critics or public. It is true that Mr. Arthur Rhodes praised the episode of "the cantatrice drinking porter at the slips after harrowing the hearts of her audience," but even this praise was not altogether gratifying to the author. The last of the series, "The Man of Two Minds," was, in Diana's opinion, spoiled by the hero's dullness and his habit of speaking in ponderous and moralizing sentences.

DICKENS, as far as I remember, does not introduce many imaginary books into his novels. There is, indeed, the Dictionary on which Dr. Strong is engaged, which the Head

Boy estimated would be finished in a period of about "one thousand six hundred and forty-nine years." Nobody, however, would call a dictionary a book. Mr. Snodgrass was a poet, and Mrs. Leo Hunter another, but, unfortunately, the only example of the latter lady's works accessible to posterity is the "Ode to an Expiring Frog." We hear enough about Count Smoltork's great work on England to wish to possess it, but unhappily we are not told the names or works of the other authors who were guests at Mrs. Leo Hunter's reception. David Copperfield had enough repute as a writer to be addressed by Mr. Micawber as "the eminent author," while Mr. Curdle, in "Nicholas Nickleby," was responsible for a treatise on the character of the deceased husband of Juliet's nurse. I fancy that Dickensians would have no difficulty in adding a title or two to our imaginary catalogue.

THACKERAY has more to tell us about imaginary books and their writers. Henry Esmond dabbled in letters, and wrote a good deal of prose and verse, his most ambitious effort being a comedy, "The Faithful Fool," a very sentimental piece, which failed both on the boards and in the book-shops. "Only nine copies were sold, though Mr. Dennis, the great critic, praised it, and said 'twas a work of great merit.'" In fiction there is Arthur Pendennis's successful novel, "Walter Lorraine," of which Miss Blanche Amory was one of the heroines, and which the Marquis of Steyne pronounced to be "very wicked and clever." It seems to have been rather a Wertheresque romance relieved by a touch of humor:—

"'It's capital,' broke in Clive Newcome. 'I say, that part you know where Walter runs away with Neera, and the General can't pursue them, though he has got the post-chaise at the door, because Tim O'Toole has hidden his wooden leg! By Jove, it's capital!—All the funny part.—I don't like the sentimental stuff, and suicide and that.'"

Readers of a more serious turn are provided for in the books that at one period lay on Mrs. Sherrick's drawing-room tables—"The Rev. Charles Honeyman's Sermons delivered at Lady Whittlesea's Chapel," the "Legend of Margery Dawe, Virgin and Martyr," and the Lives of "St. Botibol of Islington" and "St. Willibald of Bareacres," with pictures of those confessors. Or, if they belong to another school of thought, there are at their disposal Lady Emily Sheepshanks's famous tracts, "The Sailor's True Binnacle" and "The Washerwoman of Finchley Common." The latter, it will be remembered, was read by Becky Sharp "with the greatest profit."

LYTTON's "The Caxtons" gives a full description of an imaginary book, Augustine Caxton's ambitious "History of Human Error," a masterpiece which left the publishers cold. Lovel's grand historical epic in twenty-four books, "The Caledoniad; or, Invasion Repelled," for which Jonathan Oldbuck, in "The Antiquary," was prepared to write such voluminous critical and historical notes on each canto, was never written. Had it been I should like to have a copy in my imaginary library, though I fear it would remain there unread. On the other hand, I should certainly peruse Dr. Pessimist Anticant's pamphlet, "Modern Charity," and Mr. Popular Sentiment's novel, "The Almshouse"—travesties of Carlyle and Dickens—which dealt so severely with Mr. Harding in Trollope's "The Warden," and I would certainly glance through Mr. Wordy's "History of the late War," in twenty volumes, which Mr. Rigby recommended to Coningsby, and which proves "that Providence was on the side of the Tories." I am not so sure about Contarini Fleming's "Manstein," for I fancy its author was not far wrong in calling it "infamous, unadulterated trash." If I felt inclined for a book of travel I would pick up "The Little Sphere," by Captain Ladds and Jack Dunquerque, remembering that Mr. Gilead P. Beck, in "The Golden Butterfly," believed that it would raise him in the estimate of his fellow-countrymen. And if nothing else was to be had, I should turn over the pages of the "very moral and aristocratical novel" which Miss Philomela Poppyseed, of "Headlong Hall," was preparing for the press. It would, I think, be preferable to either "Devilman, a Novel," or "Paul Jones, a Poem," of which Mr. Flosky is so critical in "Nightmare Abbey."

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

"Interpretations of Literature." By LAFCADIO HEARN.
(Heinemann. 2 vols. 30s. net.)

LAFCADIO HEARN has often been praised as the interpreter of Japan to the West. He was really a seer of Japan rather than an interpreter. He did not translate Japan to us so much as set down an exceedingly personal vision. Even before his time, the West had been interested in Japanese fans; Hearn brought the Japanese fan, as it were, to life. In all this he was an artist, putting the English-speaking world under a spell. He was a man spending to the full the treasures of his imagination. One finds him in a very different aspect in "Interpretations of Literature," which is composed of a great number of lectures he delivered between 1896 and 1902 while holding the chair of English literature in the University of Tokyo. They are good lectures, as lectures to the young go. But one is conscious as one reads them that they are lectures not only to the young but to young foreigners. They do not, we may be sure, express more than a fraction of what the various authors dealt with meant to Hearn's imagination. Had he been writing about Blake and Shelley and Wordsworth for critical readers with adult minds, he would not have been content with these mild and instructive expositions. One can only gasp when one reads in an introduction by Professor John Erskine, of Columbia University, that "in substance, if not in form, they are criticisms of the finest kind, unmatched in English unless we return to the best of Coleridge, and in some ways unequalled by anything in Coleridge." We cannot remember a more inept estimate of a modern book. Neither in intention nor in result are these lectures criticisms of the finest kind. They seldom throw any light on great authors which will be new to literary readers in England, Ireland, or America. They are not meant to do so, indeed. They are more like university extension lectures, intended for a public to which Mr. Alfred Noyes is as great a poet as Mr. Yeats. They explain things as if to an audience of children. Thus they are full of sentences such as: "Love of country, especially of one's native home, is another subject beautifully touched by Wordsworth." And, after that, we are told:—

"The best-known English singing-bird is the thrush, and in some parts of the country it is very pleasant of a spring or summer morning to hear the thrushes sing. They do not sing so well in cages, but they can be tamed, and are often sold like other singing birds."

Take, again, Hearn's comment on "The Daffodils":—

"The daffodil is a bright yellow flower, and a bed of daffodils in blossom really produces such a blaze of color as would remind a Japanese traveller of the blossoming of the *Natane* in some parts of this country. The effect described by the poet must have been greatly enhanced by the proximity of the dancing lake-water beyond the flowers, bright blue under the sun. You know what a fine contrast is made by the meeting of blue and yellow. This is a bit of painting from the English lakes."

This, we admit, may be a necessary enough explanation in a Japanese class-room, and Hearn has other things to tell us about "The Daffodils" besides this. But the whole manner of such writing makes one feel that one is being fed on literary pap. Eager though one may be to become as a little child, one draws the line at being put on a child's diet again. And that is just what Hearn was putting his pupils on in these lectures. One may be honestly enthusiastic that he did his work so well. One can even recommend the book as a delightful gift for a boy of literary tastes. But it does not absolve Professor Erskine from blame for having thrust the book on us on an entirely false plea. The lectures are suggestive, and they clear up a good many difficulties, but the authors are not reborn in them for the imagination. Even Hearn's critical standards cannot always be accepted. One is appalled when, speaking of Wordsworth, he says:—

"To speak of the more serious poetry, I may first observe that you need not pay much attention to the sonnets."

After all, Wordsworth did write a greater number of good sonnets than any other English poet except Shakespeare.

But Hearn's most startling misappreciation of Wordsworth appears in his remarks on the Westminster Bridge sonnet. On this he says:—

"Architecturally, Westminster Bridge is now much more beautiful than it was in Wordsworth's day; the modern structure is of steel and stone, and it is made to harmonize in style with the splendid Houses of Parliament which are situated immediately next to the bridge. Yet notwithstanding the magnificence of the neighboring architecture, to-day all the neighborhood of Westminster Bridge has a dark and gloomy aspect, caused by the heavy atmosphere of the smoke of London. As for green fields, you would now have to take a railroad train to reach them from Westminster Bridge—or at least a steamer—for they are very far away. Also, the Thames at Westminster is now confined between high embankments of stone, and it is not at all beautiful, but very dingy and black. Reading this poem only enables us to imagine what it was like a hundred years ago. It is a fine piece of composition, severely beautiful, and such as even Tennyson would not have been ashamed of. The adjective 'bare' refers to the clear appearance of objects seen in the morning atmosphere; they appear without any mists, sharp and clear of outline. Such a clear air is never seen in London to-day."

To miss seeing that Wordsworth's sonnet is a revelation of morning in London to-day as it was a hundred years ago is not only to be wrong about London, it is to be wrong about Wordsworth. It is to fail to understand Wordsworth's vision of a modern city made part of nature again by the magic of early morning. And what is one to make of a critic who insists that the real beauty of the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" is "much more a beauty of workmanship than a beauty of thought"? Perhaps, however, Lafcadio Hearn was temperamentally not sympathetic to Wordsworth.

But it is not only in the lecture on Wordsworth that we are annoyed by the over-simplicities of the class-room, to say nothing of mistakes of judgment. We doubt if there are half-a-dozen lectures in the book that Hearn could have endured to see printed. His lecture on Blake contains some admirable explanations of individual poems—most useful explanations for a young student of literature. But as a general view of Blake's genius—a deep plunge among secrets—it scarcely begins to exist. Similarly with the lectures on Shelley and Keats and Byron. Imagine a serious critic of Shelley commenting on one of his less significant poems in this way:—

"What do you think of a poem about an owl? I believe there are plenty of Japanese verses about owls, but they are not of a tender or serious kind—at least such is my impression. Tennyson and Coleridge, as well as Shakespeare, have written poems about owls, but these are usually of a diabolical or weird kind. That an owl could inspire feelings of love, or pity, or tenderness, may seem strange to most of us, but Shelley found an inspiration from the hoot of the bird. However, there is a little owl in Southern Europe, of which the cry is rather sad than disagreeable—indeed, it is almost plaintive. The title of this little poem is 'The Aziola.'"

This passage is followed by a sentence which, addressed to English readers, in reference to "The Skylark," is exquisitely banal and inconsequent:—

"After such a poem about an owl, one need not be surprised to hear that the finest poem about a bird, in the English language, with one possible exception, is by Shelley."

It is only fair to remember, however, that Lafcadio Hearn was not addressing English readers, and to realize that he would have had an apoplectic fit if he had foreseen that an English reader would ever set eyes on these lectures. He did not even commit them to writing. He delivered them extempore—dictated them slowly, so that those of his students who wished to take them down could do so. The present volumes are simply "resurrection pie," made out of students' note-books. Poor Lafcadio Hearn! What would he have felt could he have known that he would be one day represented to the whole world as speaking in this dull, schoolmaster way about Shelley as a man:—

"The life of Shelley is one of the saddest and most eccentric in the whole history of English literature. To characterize him as a man is useless, unless we first state the outlines of his extraordinary history. If we were to judge him only by what he did, we should be obliged to think of him as a brute, a ruffian, a creature without any sense of honor or decency or affection. But this would be wrong. Shelley was at once a very lovable man and a very great fool."

What makes one most keenly aware of the Japanese class-room atmosphere in these lectures is Hearn's habit

of paraphrasing perfectly simple verse into long-winded prose. Once more we may say we are sure he was quite right to do so. Poetry always presents difficulties to students of a foreign language and literature, and prose paraphrases are often of the greatest assistance to the pupil. It is not Hearn, therefore, it is his literary executors, that we find serious fault with in regard to these lectures. Professor Erskine is especially culpable for aiding and abetting their publication by proclaiming their superiority—in some respects—to Coleridge. No competent critic of literature could have the slightest doubt that Hearn, had he lived, would have utterly refused to allow an appreciation of Keats to be given to the world containing prose paraphrases of the "Ode to the Nightingale." Here is Hearn's exposition of the "O, for a draught of vintage" verse to his class:—

"The Greeks and Romans considered joy incomplete without wine, without drinking just enough to put one into a pleasant glow by quickening the circulation, and thus enhancing the illusion of the moment. So the poet says: 'O for a drink of wine—old wine that has been cooled for a hundred years in some deep cavern—wine that by its taste makes you think of the goddess of flowers, and the delight of green nature in the country, and dances of country youth, and the songs of Provence, the great country of wine-making and passionate song—that makes you think also about the merriment of the brown-faced peasants and peasant girls at the time of the harvest dances! O, let me have a very large cup of such wine—a beaker full of it, and full of all the southern warmth and happiness that seems to be in such vintages—full of the true water of the Muses' spring—red as a blush, with pretty bubbles in a row like beads, shining like little eyes along the edge of the cup—the cup on which lips are red like blood from the stain of the brightly colored wine. Having such a drink, and hearing your music, then I should want nothing more than this—to follow you unseen into the dark forest, and never return!'"

There are some charming touches in this paraphrase. But—for English readers—how unnecessary it is! And the paraphrases of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" seem fatuously irrelevant.

Most of the lectures are on nineteenth-century English literature, dealing even with such authors as Bulwer Lytton and Longfellow. But the second volume also includes appreciations of Shakespeare, the Bible, Herrick, and various older writers. Mr. Kipling and Pierre Loti are among the living authors "appreciated." The estimate of Mr. Kipling reads like the estimate of a Prussian laureate owing to the emphasis it lays on his brutality and worship of might. There are interesting lectures on the position the love of woman occupies in the West as compared with the East, and on literature and political opinion; and altogether there is a good deal of pleasant browsing in the book. But, all the same, it was a great shame to publish it. Lafcadio Hearn was a man of genius, and this book can only serve to increase the number of readers who doubt it. The real Lafcadio Hearn is simply not here. We get better criticism than this in the daily papers.

THE TWO LORD HALDANES.

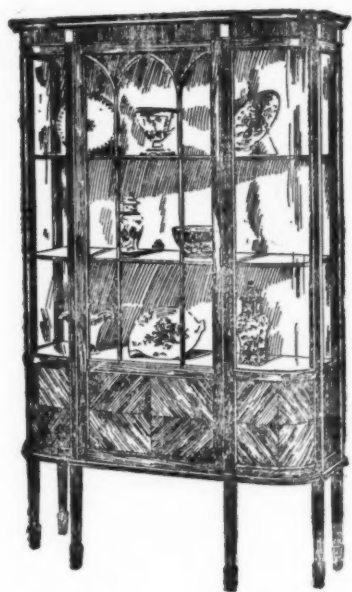
"The Vindication of Great Britain." By HAROLD BEGBIE. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

THE title of Mr. Begbie's book would have been more strictly in harmony with its contents if he had reduced it from "The Vindication of Great Britain" to "The Vindication of Lord Haldane." The latter description is a proper and truthful one. In effect, Mr. Begbie advances his shield before two Lord Haldanes, both of whom appear in magnified and non-natural proportions to the inflamed eyes of the halfpenny press. The first is Lord Haldane the Army Administrator. He, indeed, needs no defence at all. Every competent soldier who understands the character and function of the British Army knows also that it was Lord Haldane who fitted it for its part in the battles of the Marne and for its expansion into the grand Army of the Somme. This work of evolution and adaptation was twofold. The intellectual basis was the General Staff, unhappily pulled to pieces by Lord Kitchener after a series of enervating changes made or permitted by Lord Haldane's successor. The physical basis was the Expeditionary Force, equipped and ready for war, stiffened by an adequate reserve, and subject, in the Territorial Army, to an expansion only limited by the national man-power and

machine-power. The country chose to give this expanding element the title of "Kitchener's Armies"; and Lord Kitchener himself needlessly complicated its organization. In effect it was "Haldane's Army," much scanted of the brains at the top. No want of preparation was here; the German Army itself was not more thoroughly prepared for its work than the famous six divisions that helped to stem the rush on Paris. "It represented," as Mr. Churchill has said, "the maximum effort that the voluntary system would yield, applied in the most effective and daring manner to the decisive spot." It also represented the only practicable effort. Our own Staff had rejected Lord Roberts's alternative of a great Home Army on short service as destructive of our military system. Lord Haldane did everything that the nation and its military directors asked him to do, and all that it was politically possible to attempt.

This is the first Lord Haldane. The second Lord Haldane was the Negotiator of Berlin, the hero of the two visits of 1906 and 1912. Only the second was important. There is no reason why its story should not be told. But our Foreign Office, a veritable magpie for concealment, will not reveal what Count Reventlow and the semi-official German press have long given to the world with the appropriate German gloss. There need have been no secrecy, save, perhaps, for the Prime Minister's suggestion, made in one of his rare departures from discretion, that Germany had called for our neutrality in a Continental war in terms that had furnished us with a decisive clue to her evil and overbearing policy. "The German Government," said Mr. Asquith, in October, 1914, "asked us for a free hand so far as we were concerned if and when they selected the opportunity to overbear, to dominate, the European world." In this rendering of the Haldane negotiations an early war was almost inevitable; and neither Mr. Morel on the one side, nor the "National Review" on the other, can be expected to let off the Government of 1912 from the ensuing proposition that it should either have been averted by further negotiation or prepared for hot-foot. Had such a self-revelation of German policy been made, it must have convinced the Government that there was not a moment to be lost either in bringing Germany to account in the field or in calling for a definite settlement of the question of naval armaments and military "preparedness," so as to relieve Europe and ourselves from a quite intolerable menace. But Mr. Asquith's account was, we think, much too summary, and is not, indeed, in agreement with his earlier description of the Haldane negotiations as having been conducted in a "spirit of perfect frankness and friendship both on one side and the other." The situation was, indeed, difficult. Lord Haldane had gone, at the Kaiser's urgent request, as the emissary of the Cabinet. He was well received; he came near an agreement with the German Chancellor, and much less near an agreement with von Tirpitz; and he did not depart quite empty-handed. The German "Novelle" proved, on examination, to involve a stiff general addition to the German Navy and the German promises of an extension of the "tempo" of battleship construction did, in fact, only relieve us of one Dreadnought a year. This wretched niggling brought the negotiations to nought. The Foreign Offices could not finally agree to any exchange of formulæ, for neither would trust the other; and, between Germany's insistence that we should promise to abstain from a war that was forced on her, and our refusal to say more than that we would not join in an unprovoked attack on her, the Haldane mission fell to the ground. Will not time judge it to have been in the main a combat of Tweedledum and Tweedledee? Mr. Begbie describes its material fairly enough in the following passage:—

"Lord Haldane made it perfectly plain to the Chancellor that the Triple Alliance had given Germany tremendous strength, and that any increase in her fighting forces was a very serious matter for other Powers. So far as we know, Lord Haldane did not question Germany's right to increase her armaments, but it is known that he asked the Chancellor to consider whether an increase in the German Navy, which must unquestionably be met by a double increase in the British Navy, could facilitate friendly relations. The whole course of his negotiations turned on that point. The Chancellor made a tentative proposal on the subject, a proposal to see how far he could go in making an offer to spread German shipbuilding over a number of years; in the



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meantime he referred to a particular proposal on the question of British and German action in the event of war which he had already made to the British Government. This proposal, we now know, was a formula of absolute neutrality, which bound both parties not to enter into any combination against each other. Lord Haldane pointed out the obvious objections to the wording of this formula, and suggested the British Government's alternative of mutual undertakings against aggressive or unprovoked attacks and against all combinations, military and naval agreements, and plans directed to the purpose of aggression and unprovoked attack. The Chancellor was not satisfied with the extent of this counter-proposal."

But the issue thus described was not decisive. There was no agreement, but relationships between the two Governments improved, and the question of the Baghdad Railway, which was scheduled in the list of territorial accommodations that were to accompany an arrangement for slowing down the German naval programme, advanced to a settlement. The African exchanges and concessions that were also included offered no real difficulty, and, taken as a whole, they rebutted the one serious count in Germany's indictment of our policy. No one could describe the Haldane mission as the fruit of a British scheme of "penning in." There may well have been nervelessness on our part, and in the event some perfidy on Germany's. But we doubt whether history will charge on either side an entire absence of goodwill in the negotiations of 1912. That, at all events, was not the description which the Prime Minister affixed to them when their issue was fresh in his memory.

Mr. Begbie's task might well have ended with his apology for Lord Haldane's career. Unfortunately, he has embarked on a longer voyage with an outfit of sentimental journalism, taking with him as travelling companions one or two statesmen, Dr. Meyer, an entirely mythical Edward VII., fortified with a bagful of maxims, rhetoric, good and bad opinions, and a glowing vocabulary. It is a pity, for the more limited purpose of the volume is abundantly achieved.

H. W. M.

MR. BRANGWYN'S BOOK OF DRAWINGS.

"Belgium." By FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A. With Text by HUGH STOKES. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

BEFORE the war, the excellent initiative of the advertiser of the underground railways of London had infused a new vigor in the art of the small poster. The hoarding had been, for a long time, swamped by the weight of chromolithographed posters of enormous size, frequently of extraordinary and naïve badness, which always had the reproduction of some kind of painting as technical basis. The need for a new sentence in lithography had shown itself in various ways during the few preceding years, and its possibilities as a form of expression had been widely discussed. Finally, an instinct for direct and autographic reproductions of drawings led to a definite movement amongst a group of draughtsmen, and the publication of the "Neolith" opened the campaign of these artist-lithographers as an independent force.

In the four numbers of this periodical which appeared it became apparent that the dominating system of design would be the method used by Daumier, the lithographer, in France, more than half a century ago. The use of black in carefully-arranged large masses was the greater common characteristic. This was the principle which certain wood-engravers, notably Bewick and Blake, had exploited earlier, and derived from their accurate sense of fine strength and technical quality offered by a good black on a well-printed sheet of paper.

The color lithograph contributed by Mr. Frank Brangwyn was probably an experiment, and was only vaguely suggestive of the bold and technically competent posters which he contributed to the walls of the "Tube" stations. There the heavily-massed blacks of Brangwyn and Spencer Pryse became familiar to the large public of passers-by. The outbreak of war found these stations a ready medium for charitable and patriotic appeals of all kinds, and a series of bold and characteristic posters appeared regularly, and obtained wide interest. Curious violences in vision and idea made themselves more sharply apparent in Mr. Brangwyn's designs, but certainly it could

not be said of them that they glozed over the horrors of either war or industrialism. Some went almost to the verge of caricature: all were of high technical interest, and one, an appeal for a Belgian orphanage, was remarkable in delicacy of sentiment and drawing.

His energetic and ranging mind, highly objective in its efforts, has led to a continual variety of experiment and actual attack on the materials of artistic expression. For years his enormous etchings have held for the student of that art a combination of fascination and alarm. He stretched the technical possibilities of the zinc plate to breaking point. The etched lines of the draughtsman floated in seas of ink laid on by the printer, and only the high excellence of the original conception saved the majority of them from disaster. The greater fluency and "fatness" of lithographic chalk gave freedom to apply tone and mass directly, and permitted a more natural employment to gifts essentially a painter's.

It is in painting that the most familiar and full expression of what power has been shown, and most definitely on very large canvases. The large, easy handling of pigments, luscious color, and boldly-massed figures, great structures, gorgeous Oriental stuffs or fruits, ships with sails or funnels, sunlit trees, or grimy workshops and factories lit by lurid flames, will be, to future generations, one of the familiar characteristics of the buildings decorated in our day. This remarkable facility in application of paint has led to occasional excesses in color and texture, but a simple palette, and the earlier influence of the arts and crafts movement towards function in design, have gained for him a sound feeling for underlying truth of structure in his compositions. The use of planes of warm light breaking across grey masses in shadow has shown itself as a method so frequently that it has become a mannerism in his painting, because of the advantage it gives of setting a crowd of figures in light against another in shadow.

In color his historical progenitors were the Flemish school and Rubens. He has the same tremendous energy as that painter and diplomatist. In the modern artist one may, perhaps, be gratified that his energies are applied to art alone. His methods of design are based largely on Tintoretto and Tiepolo, the Venetians, and his liking for the opulent play of sunshine on tropical fruits and bodies comes from the Mediterranean. It results, in some of his paintings, in a strange effect of atmosphere, which comes from the interplay of spaces of southern sunshine, powerful and burning, on bronzed skins and southern produce beyond a foreground of figures in the grey gloom of English shadow. As a younger man his earlier paintings were grey sea-pieces of ships and sailors. Later acquaintance with the Spanish or North African sun increased the vigor of his color and design. For a time his subjects were buccaneers and slaves, old ships with golden galleries, bellying sails and banners, and great clouds cumulative in the skies beyond—indeed, any material which the strong sun of the Orient would light on.

But his sentiment for the dominant and larger qualities of his age led him to the exploitation of the industrial field for his big wall decorations. It pleased directors of companies who desired decorations for board-rooms and offices, and provided the painter with a great body of vivid, living material to handle and mould to his use. At first a vigorous and picturesque view of work was taken; powerful, sun-tanned, well-muscled men unloaded glowing heaps of merchandise. The continued application and investigation of the keen and penetrative artist mind resulted in curious changes in the more recent of such decorations. Less and less evident were the strong and muscular dockers and workmen of the earlier work. The pain of labor becomes more apparent, faces are more deeply lined, and the evidences of physical wear and tear more apparent in the workers.

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whelms the sharper purpose of idea, as also his emulation of the Venetian Tiepolo in flinging great groups of figures into movement and interplay. The latter, with his fantastic skies, full of flying figures and fluttering draperies and ranging of vast pageants of fabulous royalties, has cast a singularly similar temperament into his work. The difference of period and place makes Mr. Brangwyn's skies loom heavy and threaten storms instead of bursting into joyful companies, or ascending swarms of rather light angels.

In a recently-published book of drawings of Belgium dedicated to its King, Mr. Brangwyn offers a series of important subjects, many engraved on wood. These reproductions, though of small size, are of considerable interest in the study of his work. They represent a certain culmination in outlook and opinion derived from the preceding periods of work on litho-stone and zinc-plate; occasional initial letters and colophons for volumes of reproductions and illustrations have shown his tendencies in design for wood-engraving. His line illustrations for the "Life of Nelson" were in manner akin to these present ones. Technical necessities and the exigencies of the material restrain in degree the flamboyance and exuberance which tend in his work to mannerisms, and often fill the foreground of his etchings with ragged, slouching, gesticulating figures (Piranesi, whose work has had much influence on his vision, loved the tattered demolitions of Rome, and his plates contained many, but he never permitted them to dominate the architecture of his scene). Firm lines and rich blacks, with occasional "white line," have been used in the graving, and enhance the designer's sense of the quality and increased range of tone gained by good spaces of black. The desire for vigorous light and shade, and the pleasure of running a pattern of pure black throughout the drawing have sometimes led to overwhelming the heavens to an apocalyptic gloom which threatens the pale buildings beneath.

Brangwyn is a child of Bruges, and has always shown the influence of the artists of Flanders, and it is not unfitting that a country which has always possessed a school of able wood-engravers should receive a dedicated book carried out in the familiar medium. Mr. Hugh Stokes, the literary collaborator in the work, is a little overshadowed by the importance of the drawings. He has given a great quantity of historical and topographical material, controlled by a good sense of form and continuity, and his verbal guidance to the places illustrated is excellent.

An odd problem crops up in examination of the plates and the index. A list is given of the blocks cut by the two reproductive engravers employed. Of the other illustrations some are obviously mechanical reproductions, but one full page at least appears to be of Mr. Brangwyn's own engraving. A recent large print in "Form" is also autographic. It is an interesting example of a fresh handling of the process of cutting short white lines in the black, which has so definite a quality in wood-engraving. One wonders if he will continue so exacting a mode of expression for an artist.

Mr. Brangwyn's imagination moves with great ease along certain well-defined lines of endeavor after large, full forms, dramatic contrast of light and dark, big movements of massed figures in firm, clear sunlight against contrasting bodies in strong shadow, and his skies are usually filled with enormous clouds. There is always an element of urgency, however much his figures lounge or laze, a vivid sense of the importance of material, surface, and color. The contrasts and conflicts are always of material forces, for there is never any examination of mental conditions. He is no "mental traveller." He has therefore an invaluable temperament for a painter of decorations, for no more severe impediment to ease of expression exists than the desire to penetrate and explain the secrets of human motives and the complexity of their relationships. The investigation solely of the form and splendors of the surface of the world is the ideally happy condition for the plastic artist, to ignore mental and spiritual conflict, to remain in the joy of primitive unconsciousness of sin or of knowledge, to eat only of the tree of life. It would be interesting to see Mr. Brangwyn's portraits. No doubt he has made such paintings, but they are rarely or never exhibited in public. What is his vision of the psychology of the individual? A series of portraits from his hand would clear up any such questions, and it offers a further field of possible conquest for him.

LE SAVANT TUEUR.

"The Hunting Wasps." By J. H. FABRE. Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

THE hunting wasp was almost the earliest insect love of Henri Fabre and the subject of his first and perhaps greatest triumph as an investigator. Fabre, who died last year, was born in 1823. He was thirty-one years old, a professor, earning, as he says, the wages of a groom, when there fell into his hands an essay written by Léon Dufour, "the then father of entomology," on a strange habit of the *Cerceris*. This wasp hunts beetles for her future progeny, and stores them underground beside the egg. Dufour was surprised at the length of time these beetles, which he believed to be dead, remained fresh. He suggested that they were preserved by the antiseptic of the wasp's sting.

We know now how much stranger the fact is than this surmise. It was Fabre who first extended Dufour's inquiry and found out what the fact is. The twenty chapters of this book tell in the vivacious and humorous words of the discoverer, as one would think, the whole secret of the hunting wasp and the methods by which it was extracted from her.

Each species has her own particular victim, and her own method of dealing with it. With this proviso, we are inclined to deal with the many kinds as though they were all one, and to tell how the wasp intellect or instinct or governance deals now with a fly, now with a beetle, now with a caterpillar. The tarantula-hunter, the bee-murderer, and some others are, perforce, not included in this volume, though they owe as much as the others to Fabre's researches. A further volume is promised for them.

The solitary wasp, then, that hunts flies must deal with them as do our social wasps. Their anatomy apparently does not lend itself to surgical comâ, but yields death and decay instead of paralysis to even the most skilful sting. So the fly-hunting bembex is a startling exception to all the other hunting wasps. She must keep the cell open after the egg has hatched, and must feed the grub at suitable intervals with some sixty carcasses of fresh meat till it is full-grown. She builds in the loosest sand, which fills the mouth of her tunnel as soon as she leaves it, and when she comes home she plunges through it like an osprey through water straight to the nursery in firmer sand below. When she comes out, she smooths the place so that no eye can detect any trace of the door; yet, obliterate the surface as you will, remove whatever landmarks there are, she comes straight to the spot without fail. The only thing that baffles her is to remove the doorway. If you replace the passage with an open trench leading straight to the grub which is in plain sight, she cannot find it, but digs at the place where the entrance should be, till she falls exhausted.

Why has she to be so quick through the fluid sand into her home? Because certain despicable little flies are waiting to lay parasite eggs on the joint (*gibier*) she is bringing home.

"The ardent huntress of the flies is hunted by a fly, and a small one at that," says Fabre. "I bow before the facts without hoping ever to understand this inversion of the parts played by each insect. To be able to rid yourself easily of a mortal enemy who is contemplating the ruin of your family, and would furnish a nice little meal for it; to be able to do that and not do it when the enemy is there, within reach of you, watching you, defying you: this is the height of animal aberration. But aberration is not the right word; let us rather speak of the harmony of created things, for since this wretched little fly has her tiny part to play in the general order, the bembex must needs respect her, else there would long since have been none of her left in the world."

The wasp could reduce the chances of being victimized by such a parasite from sixty to one by bringing home one good big carcass for the whole sustenance of her grub. Weight is no deterrent, for Fabre found one wasp dragging such booty that outweighed her by fifteen times. The difficulty was that it would go bad before it was finished. This difficulty, we know, is got over by stinging a suitable subject in a nerve centre so as to paralyze and not kill. Such subjects are very rare among beetles, because only three or four small families of these have the three vital nerve centres close together, and all within reach of one opening in

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the armor. The only two genera thus and in other ways suitable have long since been discovered by the hunting wasp and turned to account in this way. Others confine their attention to the orthoptera, which also offer this rare anatomical opportunity for preserving. "These wasps," says Fabre, "conform in their selection to what could be taught only by the most learned physiologists and the finest anatomists."

The highest meed of Fabre's admiration is reserved for a wasp that deals with the caterpillar of a noctua. This is a large grey worm living underground, whence it only ascends in the evening high enough to gnaw the plants between the root and the crown, to the great destruction of our gardens. In the day-time it lies perfectly still some inches below the surface. How does the *ammophila*, its hunting wasp, know where it is. On the authority of the sharpest of human noses, Fabre says it has no scent, nor can it be expected to betray its presence by movement. The *ammophila* knows where it is, and when the ground is soft enough digs it out. The naturalist who sees it scratching can dig there and find the worm, the wasp accepting his assistance and finding him new places to dig at. The naturalist's reward is to see how she prepares the prey for the larder. The importance of her task occurs in the fact that only nine stabs will suffice to quiet the caterpillar, and each stab must be in the centre of a separate ganglion.

With much glee the insect's Homer asks the evolutionist to explain how so complicated an instinct could have arisen. He cites the mathematical odds against so complete an operation having been discovered by chance twice in the life of one wasp, so that a pair of descendants inheriting the same skill should be safely provided for. In another chapter the operation does not seem quite so recondite. The wasp perches on the back of each segment in turn, and drives her sting into the ventral surface. All is inert except the jaws, which threaten the legs of the captor dragging the quarry home, and hinder its traction by catching hold of stalks. These must be quieted in another way. A sting in the cesophageal ganglion would kill the victim and make it go bad. So the wasp pinches the seat of action with her mandibles, merely stunning the nerves. The jaws recover their action by and by, but cannot hurt the grub, for the egg is laid on the nether side of one of the permanently inert segments.

Such are a few of the marvels of insect life that Fabre has the unique right to describe. The bulk of this book comes from the first volume of the ten of the famous "*Souvenirs Entomologiques*." It makes the fifth that Mr. de Mattos has translated for this English edition. His translation, as can be seen from the few sentences we have quoted, is faithful rather than free. A possessor of the two texts would get on swimmingly with his French by reading them together, and few better subjects for reading and translation in schools could be found than the "*Souvenirs*." One feels tempted sometimes to alter a word that seems not quite the right one, such as "gnat" for a small fly not of that tribe, or "soaring" as an attribute of the wasp, but on reference to the original we find that the choice is Fabre's and not the translator's. Perhaps an occasional "qui," applied to an insect, might have been rendered by "which" instead of "who." Some phrases would be the despair of anyone, such as "savant tueur," translated by Mr. de Mattos "scientific slaughterer."

IN CONTRAST.

"The Green Alleys." By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Heinemann. 6s.)
 "The World for Sale." By GILBERT PARKER. (Heinemann. 6s.)

As one reads "The Green Alleys" one has a curious sense that several West Country families have emigrated from Dartmoor to the Kentish Weald, where Mr. Eden Phillpotts, reconnoitring, has claimed them for the purpose of weaving another of his rural studies. Perhaps the humorous sentimentousness of much of the talk at Bugle Farm and Hill Crest, in the hop gardens and cherry orchards, is that it recalls the West Country's leisurely savoring of gossip; but, any way, whatever be their spiritual origin, the dozen or so characters, Nathan Pomfret, Mr. Fuggles, Mr. Witherden, Mr. Honeysett, Mrs. Crowns, Nina Dunk, &c., are real country people. For the purpose of his plot Mr. Phillpotts makes a good deal of the fact that his farmer hero, Nathan

Pomfret, is handicapped by his illegitimate birth, in his rivalry with his brother, Nicholas Crowns, for the hand of the sensible heroine, Rosa May; but, of course, in the sequel true love makes no account of the impediment which that futile chatterer, Mr. Canute Witherden, holds is an absolute disqualification. Rosa May makes as short work of her father's objection, "My daughter's husband must have no sinister bend on his escutcheon," as of Nicholas Crowns's torrential wooing, "You can't wreck a man's life on the strength of what you've thought in five minutes. Five little minutes against my whole life! Don't sentence me so quickly for the crime of loving you." The characters of the two brothers, the slow-going, solid, modest Nathan, and the more brilliant, slippery Nicholas, contrast admirably, and we may add that Mr. Phillpotts is, as always, extremely happy in chequering the serious staple of his story with a pleasant pattern of comedy. Perhaps the ancients' discussion of the European war is a thought too insistent at the close, but as the talk is sandwiched amid much picturesque description of the autumn hopfields and the labors of the hoppers in the Kentish vintage, the general effect is pleasantly mellow. "The Green Alleys," in fact, would not make a bad gift-book for many a fighting Kentishman who can look back from the devastating horrors at the front to the land of the cowed oasthouses, the timbered and tiled farmhouses, the coppices of oak and chestnut, the bright orchards and messuages, the dipping acreage of sheltered hopfields, the farms and byres on hill and valley-side, which lend the Weald of Kent its character of long-settled prosperity and tranquil strength.

People do such wonderful things in Sir Gilbert Parker's romances, and say such wonderful things and feel such wonderful things! Why did Fleda Druse, that "quiet and shy and don't-look-at-me heroine with eyes like brown diamonds," tempt death in the Carilla Rapids? Why, having steered her canoe through spuming cataracts and death-traps of ambushed rocks like dragon's teeth, did she faint and lie face upwards to the evening sky, when she reached smooth waters? Because the hero, Max Ingolby, the financier and great contractor, this iron-souled, big-brained man who thirsted for contest, and yet "could stand for hours watching a sunset or gloat over the light falling on snow-peaks," because Ingolby thereby had the opportunity of lifting Fleda's lithe body in his strong arms and bringing his face near to her face, "classic in its intellectual fulness," while he noted the glory of her crown of hair, her fresh, pale skin, the curves of her bust, her firm, shapely chin, her contours "hinting at a Juno-like stateliness to come," and all her "personality which hinted at history." And why on that day of Destiny does Jethro Fawe come out of the past and claim Fleda as his bride from the old giant, Gabriel Druse, the King and Duke and Earl of all the Romanys, who has come overseas to the Sagalac river and Manitou from Russia and Greece and Portugal and India, bringing with him his "psychic" daughter (who speaks not only English, but Spanish, Italian, French, Hungarian, and Greek! "with no perceptible accent"?). Why? Because seventeen years ago, by the River Starzke, in the Roumalian country, Fleda, as a baby of three, was solemnly sealed to Jethro, this Romany prince, this wild, adventurous, and dissolute lover of Austrian princesses and Russian countesses, for years has thought of little Fleda as his wife, as the one woman destined for him since the beginning of the world. And why does this lithe, insinuating, heathen Romany, after he has escaped having the life squeezed out of him by the hands of the enraged Ry of Rys, visit the Gorgio, Ingolby and play to him, on Sarasate's violin, music of savage, vindictive bestiality, while his black eyes flash to the weapons on the wall with a malign look of hatred? Lastly, why does Sir Gilbert Parker mix up Indian braves, Romany chals, French-Canadian river-drivers, Manitou huskies, and American master-bosses in this big, thrilling, preposterous kinematographic drama, and call the novel "The World for Sale"? Because he knows that there is as big a public thirsting for sensational fiction as for the popular brands of patent medicine, and that if he only lays the "local color" on thick enough, this guileless, pathetic public of ours will swallow the tissue of absurdities, unreal characters, showy staging, to which he has put his name.

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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. Edited by HAROLD COX

OCTOBER, 1916.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Wild Animal Ways." By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.
(Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)

THIS is the illustrated book we expect from Mr. Thompson Seton, and which he seldom omits to provide, the book with a vigorous drawing on nearly every page, that never palls, and has few imitators. We are amused by the naughty antics of Way-Atcha, for poetic and well-sounding reasons called the "Coon-Raccoon," quite thrilled by the story of the fool bull-pup who made good, while a particularly human villain of a highly-estimated bulldog made wonderfully bad. Those who know dogs will not be astonished at the dastardly performance of this gladiator. Others might consider it an unlikely story. A far more unlikely one we should think that of a country girl caught bathing by a rattlesnake that camps on her clothes, the aforesaid girl being quite unable to drive it away, and doomed to scorch in the sun for an hour or two, hoping that it might move. Then she puts her fingers in her teeth and whistles for help, and a razor-backed hog, once a tiddling of hers, comes rushing to the rescue. There are two theories of a hog's power over rattlesnakes, one that certain pads on the cheeks and shoulder "do not absorb" the poison, another "that the whole hog race is quite immune." Mr. Seton has not yet decided between them, and uses both. The life-history of the Hoary Bat is well worked out, and a most interesting story it makes. This bat migrates all the way from Newfoundland to the Bermudas, across at least six hundred miles of sea. Mr. Seton may not know that one specimen has been caught in Scotland, having taken apparently an involuntary sea journey of three times that length. The males, according to this story, spend the summer far away from the mothers and young. Brownie is caught by man, and gives us an exhibition of his wonderful powers of flight when his eyes are sealed. Happily he escapes, and in due time makes the great journey to the Bermudas. There are other interesting stories, not the least beautiful relating to the taming of a monkey whose character had almost been ruined by the cruelty of a sailor who brought it home.

The Week in the City.

THERE is no use in disguising the depression which has overtaken the City, and it has deepened during the last week. The best index is the price of Consols. A short time ago they stood at 60, and on Wednesday they fell to 56½. Nearly all first-class Home securities have followed suit, and railway preferences and debentures have been conspicuously weak. The depression is ascribed variously and in varying degrees by different people to the Six per Cent. Bond announcement, the issue of the French Loan, the Lloyd George interview, and, finally, to the onslaught on Roumania. Even mining and rubber securities have been affected. There have been a few bright spots, such as Americans (which depend upon New York), the Chinese Loan of 1913, and one or two shipping lines. London bank shares have gone down, doubtless in sympathy with the Stock Exchange, where jobbers, in the face of liquidation, have found difficulty in making prices. Money has been dear, and day-to-day money has been costing 5 per cent. In the Discount Market business is on a small

scale, but the rates are firm. The trade of the country is as active as the labor shortage admits. High cotton prices are a serious handicap to Lancashire.

CANADIAN RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

Although they compare with a prosperous period, recent traffic returns of the Canadian railways show excellent advances. The best showing is made by the Canadian Pacific, the net increase for the two months amounting to \$3,242,000, the similar figure for the Canadian Northern being \$1,325,300. The Grand Trunk showing is not quite so brilliant, the net increase for the eight months being £224,000. Prices of the various stocks, however, owing to the general set-back in values brought about by the issue of Six per Cent. Exchequer Bonds, are below the level of August last, though well above the lowest figure touched this year, as will be seen from the following table of comparative prices and yields:—

	Prices of 1916, to end of Sept. 27th.		Price July end of Aug., 1916.		Price. Yield.	
	High.	Low.	1914.	1916.	Price.	Yield.
Canadian Northern 5% Inc. Charge	60	40	80½	54	49½	Nil.
Deb. Stk. Red. 1920-30	193½	174½	179	184	184	5 12 3
Canadian Pacific Common \$100	68½	60½	81	66	64½	7 13 0
Grand Trunk Pacific 4% Deb. Stk.	12½	10½	13½	12	11	Nil.
Red. 1936	68	56½	80	66	62½	6 9 0
Grand Trunk Consolidated Stock	75½	60	91	70	68½	Nil.
Do. 4% Guar. Stock	59½	48	72	56½	56	Nil.
Do. 5% Non Cum. 1st Pref. Stk.	29½	24	30½	27½	27	Nil.
Do. 5% Non Cum. 2nd Pref. Stk.						
Do. 4% Non Cum. 3rd Pref. Stk.						

The Canadian Northern are again passing the dividend of their 5 per cent. Income Charge Debenture Stock, on which nothing has been paid since November, 1914, and this accounts for the heavy fall in the price of the stock.

ARGENTINE RAILWAY REPORTS.

The reports for the year ended June 30th last of the Buenos Ayres Great Southern and the Buenos Ayres Western Railways have now appeared. The Great Southern report shows a gain in gross receipts of £607,500, or 12 per cent., at £5,549,000. The number of passengers and the tonnage of freight carried were smaller, but the increase in receipts is due to the bigger average haul per ton, namely 128, as against 105 miles. General merchandise, wool, and potatoes showed good increases, but coal and building materials declined. The ratio of working expenses to receipts declined from 60.44 to 57.04 per cent., while net revenue amounts to £2,384,200, as against £1,954,900. After putting £60,000 to reserve, as against nothing a year ago, and providing for the increased dividend, the balance carried forward is £26,000 higher, at £83,900. Gross receipts of the Buenos Ayres Western have risen from £2,522,700 to £2,714,600, or nearly 8 per cent. Passenger takings were higher as a result of an increase in the mean fare paid, and there was also an increase in the receipts from freight traffic, although both the tonnage handled and the average haul were smaller. The ratio of expenses was reduced from 59.67 to 58.22 per cent., net revenue, at £1,134,100, being £116,700, or over 11 per cent. higher. The ordinary dividend of 5 per cent., which is the same as was paid a year ago, requires £767,600, as against £641,600. Owing to the larger amount of stock, the balance of £52,100 carried forward is £1,800 lower.

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